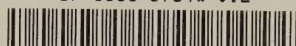


UNITY LIBRARY & ARCHIVES
The Will Lovington Comfort lett
BF 1999 C734w v.2



0 0051 0023589 4

UNITY REFERENCE &
RESEARCH LIBRARY

never less than now

UNITY REFERENCE &
RESEARCH LIBRARY

The
Will Levington Comfort
Letters

Comfort, Will Levington

BOOK TWO

Containing Letters Twenty
through Forty-five with the
exception of certain Letters
on Books and Boys.

The Mystic Road

COMFORT BOOK ROOM

4993 PASADENA AVENUE

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

UNITY SCHOOL LIBRARY
Unity Village
Lee's Summit, Missouri 64063

Copyrighted 1921
United States and Great Britain
by Will Levington Comfort

4053

BF

1999

C 734W

v.2

TO THE
COMRADES

TWENTIETH LETTER

*The deeper our spiritual sleep, the more positive
are we in the mind.*

AUGUST 20, 1919. Until one realizes that thinking a thing does not make it so, there is no possible coördination between the mind and the Spirit. All holdings of the mind are inconclusive. The best that we can think is part-truth; it might be half-truth. The opposite of what we think may be half-truth; it might be nine-tenths truth. The expressions of the world of finance and diplomacy—of all nationalism and socialism, even of all anarchism and communism—are expressions of partisanship. They are of the mind. The opposite demands equal attention. The mind thinks; only the Spirit knows. The mind sees at one time from a certain point of the periphery only; the Spirit looks out from the center.

The discussions of a thousand conferences—of labor and capital, of black and white, or religion and science; the bickerings in a thousand courts and cabinets, in the myriads of houses of men at this hour, the drone rising from a thousand altars—all meaningless as the grind of wheels on the world highway. Truth is not the opinions of parties. There are not two sides to a question, except in the mind. Truth is of the Spirit. Truth is central, immutable, never contradicts itself. Truth is one.

I can think a thousand things, but I cannot Know one of the mind alone. I can only Know a thing, because my Real Self gives it to my mind. I might hear

Truth from another, but I could not Know it to be Truth, unless my own spiritual nature was aroused to the point of recognition and giving it sanction in my mind. . . . The mind is keyed to one vibration; the Spirit to another in this Place. The spiritual vibration is finer and more potent. In most of us there is no working communication between the two vibrations. In genius there are sparks of contact; in the teaching of Avatars alone so far, is spiritual vibration sustained for utterance through the mind.

We enter the silence—that is, we still the craving of the body and the clamor of the mind—in the hope at last of hearing the Voice of the Silence, of lifting ourselves to the pitch wherein we may consciously respond to the vibration of the Spirit. Again, the occultist labors for years to bring back to the registration of the mind the record of his freer activities during the sleep of the body. In both of these offices, the struggle is to raise the mind to a vibration in which it can key, even for an instant, to lowest vibration of the Spirit. Clearly now can be seen the reason why so many of the mystic ordeals of the Road are toward the end of rendering the mind back to allegiance with its own Spirit.

But the mind must become plain and true. The Lie with its every ramification—to its last and subtlest sophistry—must be eradicated. In the occult schools, the novices often take a vow to silence covering months, until they learn to check every sophistical process of the mind that seeks speech. . . . First we cleanse the body, learning to transmute its feelings and desires into powers; and with these powers we enter upon the

eradication of the lie from the mind. We make it plain and true, that it may be a sweet and seemly servant of the Spirit.

I was asked this morning, if we are not called upon to make these molecular bodies perfect for resurrection. It is only the physically-minded that could think of the desirability of such a thing. The incubating chick would scream at the thought of its shell being taken away. Its shell is its world. It is growing within its world, and the germ would have to die and begin again, if the shell were taken away too soon, but the day comes when the uses of the shell are ended. The chick emerges, breaking the shell, hardly seeing it again, leaving it to be assimilated in the ground. . . . This physical body is a shock absorber. It confines us in a narrow, rigid training for a time, because we are at the mercy of our desires and lawless emotions, not fit to be at large in the freer sphere. Learning the lessons of order and restraint, the uses of this confinement are ended, and the physical vehicle is reabsorbed in its own elements.

But the mind is an added power, giving to Spiritual Being to facilitate its expression. I have likened it to the bobbin-filler, which fulfills its use when placed against the whirring hand-wheel of the sewing machine itself. The bobbin-filler may think it is the whole machine, but that does not make it so; still it has as much right to say this, as the mind has to affirm, "I am Man."

Only the Spiritual Being has the authority to say *I Am*. Neither you nor I can say *I Am*, without ap-

pearing ludicrous from a spiritual standpoint, until we have ceased to speak our mind and have become the Voice of the Silence, our utterance straight from basic Spiritual Being. Thus to speak means that we have cleansed and quickened our minds to answer to the vibration of the Spirit; it means that our planetary ordeals are done. If we remain for a little time after reaching this state, within this molecular shell designed for planetary activity, it is only to teach or exemplify what we Know, and what we are capable of Being, for the sake of the good we may do unto others.

The time shall come in your ordeals to eradicate the lies and sophistries of the mind, when you shall become conscious of the two vibrations—the tainted activity of the mind like a stench from a canal, compared to a breath of open ocean, which is Spiritual Knowing. The mind in its true state plays like an orderly planet about its sun. It is bathed in reflected light and works from all angles of its orbit. The sun shines with its own incandescence, and forever works from the center. Co-ordinated with its own center, working in full allegiance with its own Spirit (as ours are not) the mind-power is a glowing, beautiful thing, capable of flashing initiatives and angles of vision at different points and times, but it can never work from the center, nor from all points at the same time. Its realm is not Knowledge. It can bring in testimony, but the Spirit alone can decide.

Most of us are incapable of decision, because we are not ourselves. We cannot see all sides at once, therefore cannot judge. We can think from a thousand

slants, but we cannot Know; and the deeper our spiritual sleep, the more positive are we in the mind, that what we think is true. Very few of our minds so far have ever been touched with one real ruling decision from the Voice of the Silence. The Spirit within us is the tragic prisoner of the mind—ancient beyond the multiplication of ages in the mind itself. That is why we are down. That is why we are here. That is why every test and ordeal of our Path Homeward just now is a rendering back into allegiance of the mind-power to the Spirit—to become spiritually minded.

The Spirit does not criticise or placate or excuse or discuss or explain or argue. The Spirit speaks from Truth, which is one. Not a thousand sides, not two sides, but one. The Spirit says, "I Am," but it does not say, "I Am God," because it is not God. Only the arrogance of a mind, sick with itself, ever committed such a blasphemy. The Spirit is Essential Loveliness, but in its present plight—the prisoner of a "wandering lunatic mind"—its humility and chivalry would prevent it from identifying itself with its Creator, like the boy arrested in the gutter gives a false name to save his father from shame.

We have done already most of our chattering about God for many ages to come. The higher we climb on the Rising Road, the farther we shall see and the more awe we shall have for the Absolute. We are maudlin with mind-thinks of what God and Harmony are. One of our plexuses shakes loose, and we hear a voice from some earth-bound entity, whom we would hide our children from, if he were in the body, and we say God

has spoken to us. We rouse our ego through deep breathing or the conservation of sex-force, and explain to our neighbor that our utterance is divine.

This is not spiritual humility. It is the raving of our savage turnkey. When the mind says, "I am Wholeness," it lies, for it is all that Wholeness is not. The finest mind-power on this planet is a sick, disrupted fragment of Wholeness, and unless coördinated with its own spiritual Being, has yet to utter a single sentence of Truth. It can only know the Truth from its own Knower.

When the mind says, "There is no Evil," it is because it is lost in the fog of the thing it denies. There is no evil in Harmony, but this is the Gulf of Hell and there is little else here. Imagine how the Spirit—a prisoner these ages—shrinks from this sort of mental mummery; imagine what the Spirit feels, when its mind, arranging the body in proper Eastern habit and posture, hands clasped, feet folded under, the mat of kusa grass beneath the spine, begins to affirm, "I am Love."

The Spirit has held its nostrils these many ages against this and kindred asininites of the mind. If the body and mind were fully rendered to the Spirit, the inner Voice might safely say, "I am Love," for Loveliness is its nature, but it could not say "I am Wholeness," for this is not true, outside of Harmony. There is no Wholeness in this Place. A Spirit held within these confines would be the last to say, "There is no Evil," because it has known nothing else these unprintable ages as a bond-slave lost in Egyptian darkness. All that is not evil in this Gulf of Hell, are the

embers of the love-thing which are being fanned softly now by the working forces of Restoration. And as for Love Itself as it exists in Harmony, the minutest vibration would annihilate us in our fallen estate. One who is Teacher to me recently said:

“You write much of love. You admire love here for its own sake. Go on, for it is all that you have to work with, but you are in danger of thinking that you know something about Love.”

TWENTY-FIRST LETTER

We always hate that place or condition from which we have just escaped. This hatred is the other side of Bondage. Freedom is between and above. . . . "Is he good to live with?"

THESE things are just beginning. Spiritual force once re-awakened, never recedes. *Never less than now* is invariably true in Comrade concerns.

We have labored to incorporate the globe-consciousness, in place of that of the plane. We regard the planet as our parish. We hold that we are honored men to be called for action in this place at this time, because it is the toughest place to work in, the place of greatest need. We are glad to stay, because real work here tells, as nowhere else, for others as well as for ourselves. We know that our value to others is exactly in accord with our own spiritual unfoldment. As a mere body or mind we are incognito, one of the drifting many in this place. We know that the spiritual nature is Loveliness Itself; that the awakening of the spiritual nature is the revelation of the Real Self; that it works in vibration, is invincible in art and action, and brings to others and to our own bodies and minds every good and perfect thing. We have labored to bring our bodies and then our minds into allegiance with the loveliness of our spiritual nature, because that alone will bring about what we are all dying to do—to express ourselves.

The quality of our work drives a certain number out, even after they have ventured in. We consider that it is good for them that their sense of revolt is aroused.

Hatred for anything is invariably the sign of an unfinished task. One does not hate that which is finished and ordered within. If you look back to the few steps you have taken in spiritual realization, you will find that many times you have hated at first that which you championed later. You will also find that your championship was little more significant than your hatred, until it had become easy and balanced in your life. Before that, it is not yours; you were at the mercy of your *feeling* of reform.

We always hate that place or condition from which we have just escaped; this hatred is the other side of bondage. Freedom is between, but also above, these pairs of opposites. The Spirit hates nothing. To the spiritual nature, it is as essential to serve the mass of humanity as to give oneself to the cause of the few, even to the cause of a few martyrs whose glory is veiled from them for reasons. Still, the emerging of the few from the many is the first step for them, and their way is the way the many must take when the step becomes more easy and obvious. Nothing less than all the humanity, however, is the enrollment of our parish.

If your master came and the seals were broken in your consciousness so that you could receive the vibration of his teaching, do you think his first work with you would be to bestow at once his vast and beautiful knowledges? On the contrary, he would teach you to be good. He would teach you to be plain and true. He would teach you first of all, to be good, which means to be kind. He would smilingly draw in your great nervous energies to change the world and help you to

perfect your relations to your own body, your own mind, your own house.

There is a last question about every man's moral status: "Is he good to live with?" There is a final test about this, and every teaching: Is it beneficent? Is it good to live with? . . . You will fix the world all right if you fix yourselves. You will love humanity all right if you love your neighbor. . . . Who is your neighbor? It is your own child. It is not only the man across the street, but the man across your table—the man you do not know, because you have lived with him for years, and the black veils of mind have intervened between your Spirit and his, so that you have long lost the lovely secret that drew your heart to his—one strange, still day. . . . And as for loving your child, you must rise to the love which does not possess. You must transmute the mammal into spiritual motherhood. You must promote his spiritual volition, and not hold him in the bondage of your own mind-will. Four times out of five in crises, it is better not to speak correctively. Always before correcting, be sure you are right yourself. The great teaching is in vibration. By the silent, unswerving correction of self, you do the master-service to those about you. To be plain and true in the midst of your own people, is to put on an invincibility that works even while you sleep. All sumptuousness of mind and loveliness of Spirit follows swiftly when this integral foundation is established. One may move in the midst of his outer world all day, without the sense of failure or blemish from within, and fall down pitifully in the few minutes before dinner at home. There

are no strains like those of the environment in which we are supposed to find relaxation. The mystic is required to be consummate in his own house, as well as in the cruder sweep of the matter-maddened world. To become a great lover and a great parent is the loveliest of the arts in this Place.

External agents for our teaching come and go; one's Spiritual Being is one's abiding Healer and Teacher and Master, until mind and body we are one with Him. Increasingly as we use our essential force and become Ourselves, the glory of romance and discipleship and parenthood, and all the larger interrelations are revealed. External agents appear in their loftier beauty only as our own powers unfold. We establish immortal relations with the great ones as we become great.

We are far from Home, and yet that which is truth and beauty to us now, dimly intimates the wonderful revelations of beauty and verity that we shall know. We are safe to stand by the loveliest of the Here and Now, but safer still to realize, in every process of life, that the best here is but a dim, diminished intimation of the Real. As we increase in spirituality, our grip loosens upon the objects of the world. They do not hold us as aforesaid; the day comes when the world has nothing to offer which does not evoke a smile, yet at the same time with our spiritual consciousness, we perceive the holiness of the fragments here. Majesty comes to miniature things, and we do not yearn to go; rather we are content to stay even here on the floor, putting together broken shards of Reality, because of their immortal significance.

It is the poet and the dreamer who catch the first and faintest suggestions of loveliness in field and hill, in the streams at our feet, in the distant contours and the flavors of the winds. Through the canvasses and the poems, through the songs and living days of these workmen, the rushing world has been able to look with deeper seeing upon the faces in the street and across the table, and the voices of little ones at their knees. Spirit, aroused, sees past flesh into its own kindred loveliness in all beings and things. Through these workmen the world is being taught to put the shards together and more and more to make something of the Harmonic Dream come true in things of earth. Yet the vastest and most luminous equipment of any poetic mind, the highest articulation of any prophet, as rudely distorts the actual glory of the Dream, as the first daubs and scratches of primitives who wrought in bone and hide.

. . . To Become, we must adore; to adore greatly is to Be. In every breath and tone and color and movement and perfume, each spiritual being differs from all others, but always its expression is loveliness.

S is for Spirit. Only your Spirit knows what you can endure. A healer coming into a room, perceiving physical wreckage which reflects itself in all outer conditions, is apt to be utterly discouraged—even to consider that the so-called death of the body would be a mercy; and yet his conviction would be a figment of the mind. Look into your past, especially if you have an array of years. You will find that the physical aspect of the many crises are forgotten, only the increment of spiritual force significant now. Your Spirit alone

knows what you can endure. All healing worthy of the name tries to deal with the spiritual nature direct.

T is for Task. One's task is that in which he finds greatest joy—the work he would pay to do. Often one has to pay through many years for the privilege of working at one's own Task, but the Plan is for joy. Presently after the age-long preparation, one smiles to find himself richly paid, even by the world, for doing that which he cannot live without.

Y is for Yearning. It's a great tree, with wide branches, like a vast upturned cup. Its hidden roots gather to one stem all the passions, appetites, hungers, desires and loves of earth-life, carrying them up in one great tube and offering them in outstretched branches to the one Quest. This is the Yearning that all mystics know, the massing of every interest and vitality of life here into one great straining readiness that becomes perpetual adoration, the practice of the Presence of the Spirit, until Union is accomplished.

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER

You run from the sign of contagion on the front door, yet ignorantly enter a Strange House at the rear and embrace the Sick Man within.

THINK of the word *Vibration*. (All force moves in vibration.) . . . It all sums up in how much we live the life. We need not worry about teaching or tests or ordeals. The Plan supplies them exactly in accordance with the sincerity of our rendering ourselves to the work of spiritual awakening.

I might write for you the most beautiful ethics and only weave myself deeper and deeper into the wombs of pain, if I did not live the best I know. The expression of my Spirit at points through the mind of a trained writer is one vibration; the expression of my Spirit in better moments through the mind and body of a sensuous worldling is another. These two vibrations would be at war—the arena of conflict my own being. The more beauty and order I expressed, the more pain I would call to myself, if I did not bring up something like a commensurate performance. To contain one vibration and to express another through one's art, is to live in a house divided against itself. All our work in coördination is to express the Essential Being in the outer vehicles of body and mind; to achieve at last that spiritual integrality, which manifests in every cell, molecular and atomic, in every beam of the eye and tone of the voice and surge of the heart.

We come back to our own doorstep and find the Treasure there. As breathless questers, we go forth

and return to the sheltering vine and the fruitful tree of our earlier days; out to multiplicity, we return to unity; out to complication, we return to simplicity.

. . . I would dwell with you now in the midst of simple things. If your body is impure and out of control, you do not dare to enter the pest-house or the leper valley. If you are subject to fear you do not dare to enter the tiger's den. If you are at the mercy of passion you do not dare to trust yourself even to love. Always you hate the externalization of that which represents the chaos of your own being. Our way now is the simple way of self-conquest through which these fears and hatreds vanish. In time, through self-conquest, they vanish so utterly that one does not even think of singing *Invictus*.

While on one stretch of the Road you rush out to welcome the loosening of the seals of your own being. Certain cults and practices are designed to loosen these seals. We have all been taught that our sensitiveness to vibrations from the subtler planes is a sign of our spiritual progress. This is true, but not in the way you think. Many times letters have come to me, specifying with joy, certain symptoms of the approach to open consciousness. These notes strike terror. You might write of having finished the gamut of failure in performance, yet bring nothing of dismay, such as comes with your elate telling of mediumistic prowess. Better to rush into a den of beasts in the very blindness of fear; better to hold the conviction and act upon it than the gratification of a propensity or perversion is the only way to cure it; better to wash the wounds of the

leper with bleeding fingers—than to render yourselves to the massed evils, the unutterable malignities immediately about us back of the physical.

All disease, all decay, monstrosity, parasitic growth, in plant and animal, in mind and body of man, are but externalizations of internal disruption — exudations from foul inner conditions, like the breath from a sewer or pus from a wound. You run from the effects in matter, yet give yourselves often devotedly to the psychic centers of causation. You run from the sign of contagion on the front door, yet ignorantly enter a Strange House at the rear and embrace the Sick Man within.

Up the ages the world has heard our apostolic voices, watched us come forth as pure as the Shepherd David and sink down as foul as the possessed King Saul. Who among us has not found his master, flourished a little under his vibration—and then found his master out? What stands so inexplicable in human life as the failures of those whom we have once found so strong? It was not the little boyish sins that grappled them; these were faithfully put away before they became the men we knew. The strong ones crumpled and withered before our eyes from assaults from Outside.

I will not say how many of us go wrong in our quests for wisdom, love and power. In the midst of the gathering joys of these days, I cannot say to you that I shall not fail. . . . What is the proportion of incarnated souls on earth to the great masses outside? At least that is the proportion of evil here to the seed beds of enormity there.

We gird our powers together to take the Mystic Road. We change our food, our hours, our habits of thought. The great Plan brings us such birth-pangs as we can endure, to such centers as most require immediate correction. The very freshening of our powers from the change of habits, enhances feeling and quickens thought. But see what happens. One of us becomes a megalomaniac, one a fanatic, one ranges out lusting after strange gods of sensation, another's lust centers upon the resurrection of his own sick physique; one roves the world like Abra Melim for occult revelations and falls victim to his own passion for astonishing his hearers; one fortifies himself for life and death in the narrow refuge of a bigotry, only a little less narrow than the one from which he has just escaped; another is self-psychologised in his own affirmations; one goes up into the Spirit until he is a mindless lamb in mundane affairs and requires to be nursed by his disciples; another reassumes his old place in the world, saying there is no evil, and giving free play to whetted appetites after repression, presently is found twiddling his fingers in emptiness, singing the greatness of the Goat—the beauty of Pan, most radiant of the Gods.

Yes, the world has a right to cackle at us for being "queer." Yet most of us in our various plights have naively pitied the world for its unrighteous humor.

. . . The sins which have to do with the body alone—these are boyish things. The masses of human kind caught in them are dealt with as masses from Outside. It is the individual who has aroused the sleeping forces of his own being by putting away boyish sins, who in-

evitably attracts the especial attention of the Monsters of the Shadow, and now as he has fought for his body, he must fight for his soul. The world sees Sinbad struggling strangely in the water, but does not see the Ancient from the next sphere riding his shoulders and beating for entrance upon his mind-centers—struggling to control them with vibrations which poor Sinbad *will not know from his own* if he loses the battle.

Now look at the hypnotist who shatters the seals of the poor dupe's fortress, leaving the doors open for all the whoredoms of the astral plane to enter and vandalize; now look what it means to keep step with an ouiji board, or give oneself to the voices and fingers of trance and seance. . . . I tell you ardently that the dangers are thick enough, terrible enough, for one who undertakes to bridge the rift between mind and Spirit, without rendering himself in the beginning to the Abyss. When you are actually convinced of the difficulty of discriminating between the highest mind-vibration and the lowest spiritual vibration in your own being, there won't be any danger of your inviting or giving quarter to the vibrations of malignant mind-powers from Outside.

Your seals are locked for physical incarnation for your own protection. You are safe to loosen them only through the awakening of your Spiritual Being, through manifestations of your native goodness, your Essential Loveliness. To be simple and good, to be plain and true, to express Yourself, to be straight and erect if only an inch and one-half tall, to be letter-perfect in small things, dear in the intimate cares, to per-

form decently in the world, first of all, the things which the world does badly, constantly to correct your faults, more and more to lose the sense of self in behalf of others—this is the unfoldment of your power that clothes you with a vibration proof against the massed assaults of Hell. This is the invincible mysticism.

TWENTY-THIRD LETTER

As John cried unto men to make straight their paths before the Lord Christ came, it is necessary to make straight the paths of the mind before spiritual consciousness can manifest.

THERE is a spiritual dignity. It is true that we must become spiritually-minded, but we are to become spiritually-bodied as well. The awakening of the Spirit which is being the Self, manifests in cadence, nuance and sonance, in the eloquence of the hand and animation of the eye, in the coördination of all the faculties and powers and attributes of being. The word *Grace* is beautiful to work with—a mantram in itself. In high moments of play or intensities of fine workmanship, a fumbling movement or a harshness of expression will throw one out of rhythm, the invincibility of the action instantly broken. One should never be caught speaking or standing or running—out of form. Devotion to this ideal, even in an impossible body, is perfecting another body. Clumsiness is a confession of squatness of soul; there is not one among us who is not unrecognizable from an harmonic standpoint, but *Grace* is a word for Restoration working within us. We may help to make ourselves over through our thoughts and actions. We may make our bodies less unlovely, even in sleep, if we feel the sacrilege of betraying the sense of *Grace*, as we know it now. . . . One should not voice a tone, raise an arm, swim, ride, run or laugh without the higher life of *Grace* in the action. This ideal builds into the cells

of the body and becomes intrinsic capacity for the flow of *Grace* through our being.

This is pitifully a boy's world yet. We long for some vague mother-hush—some homing breast, some hive of memories, inexplicable, but familiarly dear. Against the black blank of the future, we turn back to old pastorals and arcadias, even to childhood dreams, for peace and order and the touch of sweetness that is gone from life today. But the loveliness that we yearn for is before us, not behind.

. . . Sometimes we shall stand together on a heavenly headland, watching the worlds go by, listening to their majestic harmony. The one little familiar note of Earth shall strike our ears, and we shall recall smiling at each other—recall this slumming-trip of a dark night, when we forgot that we were a Merry Party, and became a part of the slums itself.

One full half of the mystic way is in service. As you give yourself to the good of others, the forces of Recreation work within you for your awakening. *Grace* becomes animate within, as you pour out to others. All loving is spiritual exercise, but there are continual refinements, as you develop, in the quality of love. It is easy to love humanity in large, impersonal terms. You have watched people coming forth from their places of meeting, feeling holy in their love of mankind, but presently to enter again the old strifes with individuals—competitions, jealousies and hates. One's native loveliness must be shown to each one, as well as to all. There are none who will not be restored. In fact, if one really

is awakened to spiritual sentiency, love of one and all is the very breath of life, for spiritual faculties see past the sophistries of mind and deformities of body to the secret invincible beauty of all beings.

The other half of meditation is the correction of one's faults, one after another. A working force, potent and mysterious, will show one his faults, as fast as he can endure, bringing new tests and strains for his improvement. Take your failures apart into the silence. Disintegrate them by superior thought forms. Play upon them as you can from the springs of your spiritual nature. Know that every irritation, passion, anger, criticism, is of the mind power—transient, one-sided, inequitable. Know that anything of a personal nature that hurts your ego from outside is the ringing of a bell to announce a weakness of your own. With what you can use of your spiritual nature, correct these faults patiently, devotedly, hourly, one by one, until they no longer have any power to disturb the equilibrium of your days.

The making straight of the paths of the mind is a long and serious task, but all effort counts. I know that it straightens the spine to think straight; that it brings order to one's affairs and that vision to see deep into other 'lives—without criticism or comparison. Just as certainly as John cried unto men to make straight their paths before the Lord Christ came, is it necessary to make straight the paths of the mind before the spiritual consciousness can manifest. A lie is division in Being.

The vast mysterious region of *feeling* changes surely

from chaos to cosmos, as the mind is governed and rendered back to the basic Being. As you think, so you feel—differently for every object and incident. As you change the thought, you change the cells of the brain, and these draw different energies from the centers of feeling. Surely as you make righteous your thoughts, the mighty energies of feeling alter to key themselves to the new vibrations of the mind—elation for depression, concord for disruption, courage for terror, and for passion, peace. Surely, the spiritual nature, as it begins to command the mind, extends its dominion over the vast realm of temperament, and one begins at last to know immortality, even here and now, and to breathe those breaths of exaltation which belong to an immortal, no longer divided body, mind and Spirit.

TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER

One-tenth of one spiritual vibration becoming effective through these outer vehicles of body and brain, render us, for that moment at least, a new order of being.

I SHOULD like to make this letter a living thing, for our spiritual awakening. . . . We all want the same thing, though we search, variously, deviously. We want health, power, happiness. We know somehow that these belong in our birthright. We are dying here day by day, for that which we know is native to our being. Our minds cannot express, our bodies cannot feel, this health and power and happiness which is intrinsic.

Yet in rare moments of life, intimations have come to most; a breath of splendid compassion that resolves us from isolated and fighting human units into the very pulse of the world; or a breath of inspiration in which we speak with power or perform with memorable beauty. In other moments our vision has driven into the vibrant heart of things; we have seen the sublime simplicity of the working forces, too deep for word, too subtle for thought, and in that instant of dwelling with the cosmic mysteries, we have become one of those who know and cannot tell. Or in moments of Romance which have meant to us all that we can endure of loveliness, the veil is lifted for a moment (at least the light shines through a little from behind), so that when looking back upon the world again, we have found it different.

In the climaxes of workmanship or fine play, some

men have felt a mastery stealing into hand and brain—a superb coördination for an instant, and the sense that one could not lose. Crises of peril have turned certain other men more cool instead of helpless; they have commanded the petty self, the situation and the people about. Perhaps over a telephone you have heard your own voice speak as from a different, a restored being, because of the love that was in it, or the surge of your heart to another has suddenly rendered all their faults dear, their real loveliness never to be told, never to be forgotten again.

All these are the vibrations of the spiritual being—faint stirrings of that immortal life in the midst of the body that perishes. . . . All force moves in vibration. . . . One-tenth of one spiritual vibration becoming effective through these outer vehicles of body and brain, renders us for that moment at least, a new order of being. The immortal *I* has acted and uttered, and the world never stops talking about the thing done that instant or the power of the Word. All who have known such moments want them again—want them desperately again—with such desperation at last that all desire and motive and passion unite into one great Yearning, and one is said to have entered the Mystic Road.

Those who have known such moments of self-command; that is, the command of the body and the mind by the Spirit, seek it ever yet again. It is health. It is wisdom and wealth, power and happiness. Look at the world about you and see your own people disrupted, broken, spiritually-unrecognizable, because they have

looked for this wonder-thing outside themselves. Have you missed the simple secret of all money-madness? It is but the passion to regain an outer semblance of a lost inner power.

Happiness is the loss of the sense of the petty self—the freedom of the Spirit from the dimension of body and mind. We turn to drink and drugs; rush to books and pictures and plays and to each other to forget the stifling lime-leaves of the body and mind. But Liberation isn't outside. It isn't in books or plays; it isn't in drugs or drink; it isn't in the wealth of the world, not even in the friends or glamorous attachments of the world.

All these are one from the standpoint of your Spirit, and another from the standpoint of your body and mind. So long as they drive or pull you to the point of forgetting the Real Quest, which is to Be the Self; so long as you seek to find the Self that you have lost in outer mazes and men, the world will give you failure for all your frenzied search and pain for all your pains.

Find Yourself first, which is finding the Kingdom of Heaven, and all externals instantly reveal their hidden glories. You shall see the Spirit of men where you only saw the flesh; and as for loving humanity then, you shall laugh that you ever found it hard. For the Spirit of men and all creatures is loveliness—hidden underneath these veils and folds and weaves of matter, never to be penetrated by the optic nerve alone. Spiritually aroused, you shall hear the harmony of constellations in the hum of bees; the cry of a lost child in the whim-

per of your dog at the door, the glimpse of harmonic mysteries in the eyes of your beloved.

You shall not talk of service or sacrifice. To do for others is the reason for being. Your love shall go out, nothing to stand before it. Your spirit shall rise; your love shall go forth. You shall find your steps quickened Homeward by every breath from the Hills and every movement in the grass; the shining of dew upon the cobweb and the shining of stars in the sky shall tell one story, and the passing butterfly shall leave you singing the song of a great day.

It isn't God that is within; it is Yourself. The vibration of your Essential Being merely touching the consciousness of the mind is your inspiration, touching your body, is your joy. The story of the Gulf is the story of how we lost Ourselves—how we sunk into the Egypt of utter forgetfulness of all the qualities and attributes and powers of Spiritual Being. The story of the Mystic Road is the story of the Homeward Way, the restoration of powers and lusters and colors and fragrances and glories of Being, the expression of Being in the bodies we wear and the minds which have been uncentered so long. . . . To be a great Workman, Comrade, Hero, Artist, Parent or Lover—one must be the Self. The Self is invincible. We are not Ourselves, because we are our feelings, our bodies, our habits, our opinions and thoughts. To find the Self is to restrain all the habits of body and tendencies of the mind that are of a nature separate from the Self. We are cut off from Ourselves, because our manners of life in feeling and thought are wayward and headstrong

and separative—not the ways of the Spirit. Our bodies express one vibration, our minds another, our essential Being another. The Spirit is incapable of descent into the mire of our feelings. Our feelings must be cleansed and lifted for the expression of the Self through them. The Spirit cannot join in our indecencies, but retires farther from us. The Spirit cannot associate with the thoughts of a mind interwoven with sophistries and ridden by different phases of the world-lie. It can only retire from all that into the sleep that is death, so far as the body and mind are concerned. . . .

Once having known the great moments of life, having touched the joy of Being, the passion of all passions takes possession of the soul. It cries for Elation Sustained, for exaltation unified in body, mind and Spirit—cries at last merely To Be. The lies of our minds then become like dirt upon the tongue and the feelings of hate and anger and jealousy, like the stir of corruption in the veins.

To be cut off from the Self is the only pain there is.

The way to the Sustained Elation of Spiritual life can be written. It can be told. It is so simple you have passed it by. Listen. The nature of your lost Self is loveliness. You are intrinsically that, though different in that from every other being. If you would develop your arm, you would exercise it. If you would restore your body in convalescence, daily you would try out your strength. To awaken the Real Self you must give it expression. Love is the nature of spiritual expression. All love is spiritual calisthenics. The more

love you can pack into your life, the more rapidly shall be your awakening. Love of the land and the sky; love of your animals and children; love of other people's children; of flowers and perfumes and the works of men—the entire journey to Canaan, out of the bottom-lands of Egypt, is a learning how to love all over again.

In several letters I have touched the mysteries of man and woman together on the Mystic Road—how marvelously the love story can be used toward the ends of spiritual awakening, because it is the strongest working force from heart to heart, because it contains the most subtle ordeals for self conquest in lifting romance step by step, clear and entire from the sensuous and generative dimension, to the larger parenthood of the race and that love of humanity which man and woman can never know without having wrought together.

The more love the faster; the more you love the more you can love. All love is a process of awakening. The love from your heart is your spiritual breath. You awake; you breathe, you live. It is vision; it is order, it is beauty. A tainted thought of the mind drives the breath of life from you. So step by step we correct our habits, our thoughts. The awakening Spirit begins to make magic our lives; the quest becomes more keen; our thirst for real expression more terrible, our love more engrossing, more commanding. . . . We give up at last every attraction of the world—even the warmth of the arms of the beloved, even those expressions of love which the world would call of supreme emotional beauty. We give them up for the time, because of their very dearness; because they mean the

turning out to another in the critical time of Spiritual awakening. Any taste or habit which attracts us at last from the outside is put away, not in pain or sacrifice at last, but as you would exchange metal for bread. The breath of life within you is love, is happiness, is dearer than anything outside, because it renders you utterly dear and invincible to your lover, to the world.

Without it, after you once have breathed, nothing in the world is right. With it, all becomes holy, because it discloses the spiritual beauty in all men and things always hidden from the eyes of the world. . . . The giving all to follow the Lord Christ is only hard before our time has come. When you are ready, you answer the summons with a cry. . . . Finally, and this is the laugh of the Universe, you give up nothing Real—merely exchange the counterfeit for the Real, the tainted for the pure. You do not know what Love means until you have been born and have breathed and cried aloud, a spiritual Being. You have nothing to give the world until you can love the world from the breast of the Soul.

TWENTY-FIFTH LETTER

The passion of lovers for each other is a confession of their separation.

THIS letter returns to the theme of all themes to me. . . . Many here are too sore and hurt to care for the subject, but that's only of the body and mind. The Spirit never wearies of Romance. In fact, its Being is Romance. . . . Here and there through the past, we hear of a woman touching a man's soul into revelation; now and then of a venturesome pair taking the upland road together, but mostly men and women devotees were walled apart on separate hills, denied each other's presence under penalty of ex-communication. The old sacred maps show a monastery or a cloister on every mound of Europe. . . .

These are different days. Men and women are often seen taking the Mystic Road together—touching the lesser rapture only to perceive the love story of the Universe; learning love together, only to begin upon the endless mystery of Love, not as an emotion, but a cosmic force; not only finishing the tortuous romance of the human heart, but entering the immortal Romance which takes the Rising Road together.

Mate becomes Comrade on that road; the Child is left below and the Seraph appears above.

Many have merely met the one who means mate to them so far. They toil and dream apart in preparation for taking the Road together. Here Master Pain weaves his magic and days of separation prove days of richest fruitage. One must get out of the threescore

and ten to watch Romance loom. Though the world still walls them apart, the woman upon her hill, the man upon another, divided hearts may practice the presence of the mystic counterparts and call to their lives, the healing fires of Restoration, if they use the creative force awakened between them, to love those nearest first. And they may know well in their pain that those who find themselves easily in the world and slip into unforbidden nuptials, are usually denied the mystic secrets of the heart. Mere earth loves die away like fires upon the hearth.

One of the strangest things of life on earth is that the secret of passion has been missed so long. The little feminines should be taught this secret before the age of twelve, that later they may make their lovers understand. The passion of lovers for each other is a confession of their separation. There is no passion in Spiritual Love because there is no separation. First through denial, then restraint, desire changes to love. The spiritual center opens when the organic center is closed. Outlet is inevitable. Love always finds a way. The miracle of Spiritual Love is a sustained union that transcends time and space and physical need. The greater the passion the more energy there is to accomplish the transmutation and to reach the love that casts out fear of death and fulfills the laws of the regenerate life.

Here and there around the world, a man and a woman are really beginning to work together. Some of the dearest and most magic moments in the letters that find their way to this place of letters contain in-

timations of that rounded vibration. There is a thrill about it that comes from nothing else. I can see farther into the future from the environment of a love story than from any other vantage point. There is the potency of four—when two are really one. From any angle of production or increase, this rounded vibration is necessary. If your passion is for a New Race, don't forget that Romance is the Gate. Wherever love is, work is being done. It is the one force invincibly constructive. It will make mad or slay the man and woman who try to use all the force for themselves. They must either become parents of children, or parents of the race to endure together.

There is Honeymoon. There is play. The world retires into a hush when lovers meet. For a brief time they may be left alone, but this also is a miracle-time of constructivity, granted so that the two may make the first great changes in each other. A pitiful wreck of a man often becomes a new creature. The magic of his reconstruction ceases only when the strain upon the yoke becomes unequal. Myriads of failures follow fine beginnings because of woman's weakness of heart. She gives too much. She loses herself in the man's way. The world just now in our eyes and ears is a man's world. *Earth, Today*, is filmed forever in the imperishable records as a picture of chaos—a page in the Book of God's Remembrance showing how not to conduct life in the flesh. Man has ruined everything alone, and still feels that his own intelligence is the only safe mechanism to trust. He still struggles to command.

It is easier than not for a woman to give when she loves. Even when she finds herself wrong, she keeps

silent, but the abyss forms between. It isn't that woman answers man's desire and is carried with him to his outer sphere, where creativeness ends. She fails not from desire of her own, but desire to fulfill his desire. Her serpent is the passion to bestow.

Woman loses her man when she loses herself. No romance was ever spoiled by a woman withdrawing herself from a man to her own inner sphere. If he is not ready to follow her there, he is not ready for Romance, and nothing can be spoiled. The sure way to ruin a love story here is for a woman to take up her abode with the man in the outer sphere, which he is forced to inhabit, when alone. She may emerge with him into the outer, quicken all his interests in the world, fertilize his thoughts, energize his actions. There isn't any game that man plays in the world which a woman cannot help him in. She belongs at every board of directorship in trade, art, education and government. Her vibration is essential for man's vision and productivity on every plane. But the action itself, the actual movement and stir of materials, is his affair. He should return from it, finding her ensconced among the effects of their former labors and the spiritual patterns of work still to do. She is the hearth. He brings to her the fruit of the tree and the trophy of the chase. Her drive follows him forth to action; his force fertilizes her Dream within. A man will follow a woman anywhere—even into the Unseen, if he loves enough.

No pair can love, and at the same time live the life of the world today. Love's expression in the physical body is dependent upon the use of the generative force.

If this force is wasted, a man and woman become strangers to each other, even to the point of not knowing what they have lost. You can see it in myriads of pitiful pairs sitting together in the dust of the world's roads. Children are often about them—children who lift their eyes to those who pass, despairing eyes that ask the way of strangers. The one sacred and holy use of the physical mating is to give a physical body to a soul that is ready to come through. The spirit of man and woman works gloriously in this, but retires the instant the beauty of the law is broken.

The many give themselves to the world and the dream goes out—even the dream that moved for their eyes with their first child. Look to the great staring social world, a drifting automata, men and women lost to each other, seeking outside they know not what; fumbling with themselves to do what others do—this is the picture of what love is not.

Love works. Love always works. It tears down the glaring faults in each other first; it never ceases work upon the subtler faults. At once it sets out to build something—a child, a book, a fortune, a new heaven and a new earth. . . . You have watched the furious intensity of the birds after their mating. You have watched the change in man and woman even when they remotely belong. Who is so absolutely tireless as the coming mother? . . . Love always works. The enduring books and paintings are touched invariably by the rounded vibration. Even the great material fortunes were begun in most cases by a man and woman

working together at the bottom. One cannot bring forth alone.

Love never rests. Those who give themselves to the productions of regeneration enter mysteries, one after another, steps always swifter. They learn at length that they can only find each other as they give themselves to their child or to the great orphan Humanity. Two lovers establish an enduring relation, not by their drive to each other, but by their united devotion to a task outside or aspiration to an object within or above. In rising strength they perceive that love goes on and on. They dare not love bodies, because love goes on and on, and bodies do not. Their love drives to the enduring heart of things. It touches Sources. It bares Essentials. . . .

THIRTY-FIRST LETTER *

One who still finds his ideals in man-made affairs . . . is not ready for unreserved endeavor to find Himself.

TO Know What Love Means. Through several months I have found this to be the most fruitful concept for meditation. . . . Both from within and without, has arrived a profound realization that we do not know what Love is in this Place. Only to those who have opened certain lower and outer dimensions of the love-thing, here, does this realization become apparent. In other words, certain preliminary awakening is necessary to realize that Love is not here. Yet, what the world calls love is the dearest thing we have to work with—the way to the Way. Grant that it is unrecognizable from an Harmonic standpoint. So are we, as organic beings. Nevertheless, the little force-vibration which the world calls love, contains something of basic spiritual nature. Because of this, its real devotees are never led astray.

“Just love her,” comes out of the sky to heal the little earthlover in his torture of jealousy. . . . “Love more, not less,” is the infallible command to those whose mind-powers are seeking to estrange them, and from whose hearts faith is slipping. . . . “Endure, faint not, love unceasingly,” spans every rift or abyss in the marital relation; transcends all seeming facts and reactions. Here follow simple but peerless injunctions

*Letters Twenty-six, Twenty-seven, Twenty-eight, Twenty-nine and Thirty were taken from Essays on Boys, to be published later, and on Books, already published, under title “Books and Days.”

for the management of romance in its little orbit here: Do not use intellect, use heart. Forbear to hold or give life, through expression, to critical thought. Refuse to accept appearances of the mind.

Love is not of the mind, but of the Spirit. The attractions of mind to mind, under the added play of sex power are inevitably atmospherized in glamor. This glamor must be disintegrated before the Spirit can breathe forth its enduring magic. This glamor is personal, selfish, often malignantly selfish. It turns from breast to breast, from eye to eye. It shuts out the world, seeks to lose itself in the one, takes love from all others to give to one, but finds that the one is being destroyed. To breathe at all the Romance that satisfies, means union, not of body, but of Being. Lovers entering the Real, yearn for opportunities for world service, in order that they may have more for each other. They learn the secret of all, so far, that it is only as they find union with Themselves that they find union with each other; only as one coördinates mind and body with the Spirit can he hope to know what Love means for use here in the objective consciousness.

I can give you a priceless bit of teaching on Meditation—at least what is priceless to me. I tell you this in the beginning to raise your expectancy in order to receive it with a more eager grasp. If a Mystic came down from the Hills to the cities, he would be conscious of sewerage everywhere—drains under the roads, under the lawns; the more or less hidden cloacan systems which the senses of ordinary men do not detect. He would find it difficult to stay. He would be hurt

by this evil presence, the vibration of his body lowered, even outraged, by the manner of life of common men. When your Spirit comes down to operate in your objective consciousness, it finds an identical condition. It is sickened and hurt by the lowered vibrations of body and mind, by the hideous death-in-life which is our organic condition, even at its best in this place.

The neglect of our bodies through a period of one single day renders us dangerous, even toward each other. All preliminary training in mysticism, the correction of habits and tastes of body and mind, is but a preparation for the coming of the Spiritual Guest. Basic spiritual nature is loveliness itself. Its presence in the objective consciousness is nothing less than delight. The first and faintest stirring of this delight brings tears and the tremble of weakness to our vocal cords; an hour in the midst of it exhausts most of us more than a full day of pain. By this you can realize how feeble and pitifully incapable we are to endure the vibrations of Being. The most toned and rhythmic of us, in an organic way, is sick and depraved from the standpoint of purity and wholeness. To give birth to a child of flesh in the midst of these bodies is an ordeal on the part of the coming entity, for which he has to be prepared on the other side by entering into a sleep that is like death. For the coming of the great Teachers, the physical lines are chosen from the fairest matings through many close-watched generations before the Messenger can key to the physical through an earth mother. This is more or less an exact picture of the agony of spiritual being to key to the outer nature.

Yet we aspire to entertain our spiritual natures, not only in momentary flashes of association, but to sustain Enlightenment through all the actions of our waking hours. The spiritual nature desires this association, more than mind can possibly desire it, but the Spirit finds it impossible except when we lift ourselves toward it in highest sincerity of prayer and performance. Only as we render ourselves utterly, such as we are, can spiritual vibration, which is Love itself, come into us for use in the outer and lower world.

I have explained many times that what we know as Genius and Heroism and Comradeship are flashes of Being, momentary visitations in our objective consciousness of the real Self, the Self we have called God and Christ and Beloved, even the Absolute. When the young workman in mysticism, arrives at the simple fact that life in the outer world does not contain his delight, his inspiration; does not even answer to his forming dreams of wisdom, love and power, he is at last ready to begin a nobler quest. One who still finds his ideals in man-made affairs, in society, in any of the partisan-ships, even in international divisions of commonwealth, is not ready for unreserved endeavor to find Himself. But having failed in love here; having tried even departure from the world, as the elder school of mystics has tried; having been brazed and burned and crucified on the outer planes; having found beyond peradventure that love and life and beauty are not here, except as he finds their spiritual key and meaning tallying within, he is ready at last to formulate the real prayer for Being, for Unity. For the first time his quest is uncon-

fused. He aspires to make a place in mind and body for the Spiritual Guest, not for momentary flashes of association, but for sustained hospitality; not for his own delight, but for Being, which in every tone and gesture and radiation is for the good of others.

The presence of spiritual light reverses every policy and action of the mind. The agony of the mind for the welfare of the self is a false and futile agony. The welfare of self in the real sense is the dear care of every other being in the Universe. The powers of the real Self glow and radiate and send forth their individual perfume and light and color only in the supreme forgetfulness of their own nature. Even the great moments of men here, whose performances are memorable in history, in literature and ethics, reveal this *spontaneity* which is spiritual charm. No one has ever thought-out a great policy or performance; he has risen to it in a flame of Being and Doing for others; he has found himself one with others in the mystery and beauty of spiritual action.

. . . Finding himself ready at last to call to Self, having tried all other ways and failed, having brought down his purpose to a science and built his faith upon knowledge, the young mystic formulates his prayer for swift and certain coördination. Remember by this time his mind is fundamentally disposed to the good of others; he has risen above the fears and pains and wants of the little self; he is hungering, thirsting, yearning with every tired energy of his objective consciousness for that Union which will set him free—a healer, a teacher, a lover, a comrade, a hero, in the midst of men,

for their sake! Still he stands in his outer consciousness. He does not say, "I am Holy, I am God, I am All, I am Absolute," for he is none of these things, but a creature far from home, recently risen from the husks, remembering at last his Father's House and determining to return thither, resolving to stop for no other purpose than to help another on the way; to arise and go! At last he prays without confusion, without sophistry, prays not from fancied standpoint of God, because he is not, nor from his own Spirit, because he is still in the mind which for ages has imprisoned his consciousness. He prays from where he is, in the objective consciousness, from earth in this year of our Lord; from the fetor of the drains and bottom-lands, and their tallying conditions in his own body and mind. He prays:

"I am lonely. For ages I have tried to do without You, tried ambitions, loves and wars, misuse and violence. All men and things, which I have abused, have risen to hold me in their bondage. Now I have put away, so far as I know, the terrible passions and purposes of life here. I do not want to run from them, because I realize that I am placed here in this objective consciousness to do my task; but I can no longer tolerate the hours here without You. I, a mind and a body, render myself to You.

"I know it is hard for You to come down and dwell with me in the corruption which I am. I know it is hard for You to come down and dwell with me, as for the mystic of the High Hills to descend to the packed cities of men. Yet I am making myself as clean as I

can with Your guidance, as kind as I can, even in the mind and body, knowing that kindness and cleanliness are Your ways.

“I ask You to be with me. I ask You to Be me; to tolerate me in Your great mercy for a little time; to warn me when I am ignorantly astray. All else has failed. Many times I have wished to come to You more completely by putting aside this slow cold gray thing which is objective being on the face of the earth, but now I know it shall have its good use, as You use it; that it may be a mouthpiece for Your utterance to others here; that as You take possession of it, You may render it a medium for the reduction of Your force to such terms of voltage that it may be received intelligently by others here. I come. For the great thirst and hunger and yearning within this heart, I would find, through You, that love of all men and creatures, which even now, before the dawn of You in my being, I seem dying for.”

THIRTY-SECOND LETTER

We do not dream yet of the glories of union between men and women. We can only enter upon that dream when the enchantment of body and mind is fully broken and we stand spiritually awakened, consciously immortal.

To know what Love means. (2)

There is a movement here and there around our dark planet for something more than the life of generation. The sorry little birth and death system has ceased to satisfy the souls of representative men and women. Even the higher life of generation which entails conservation of life-force, though not as yet entered upon by the many, has failed to bring anything like joy to the few. A certain stability of body and mind, as the world goes, answers this trying, the beginnings of order and reason, but no fulfilling of the dream of happiness that haunts the flower of our race; rather the dream haunts more with each rendering to decent effort.

We have tried everything. The sensualist has failed. The celibate has failed. One yells at the other, but both are sick men. They appear to be opposites of the same thing, one suffering from too little, the other from too much. One is as apt to die of violence as the other; both die in spite of themselves. The family father goes down to the grave in the midst of his children and the celibate father of his parish is mourned by his people. Each at the end betrays the secret that he did not know any better than the other.

It is not that we wish to keep these bodies. Less and less we care to do this, as we key our consciousness to a

lovelier and more enduring body within, but it isn't the dream to be torn out of the flesh in spite of ourselves. There is no spiritual dignity in that. We are somehow not making good to the best we know in that. The real body is the sword; the physical is the scabbard. After an organic life well-lived, it would seem that we should have the right to surrender our sword with grace and seemliness, not to have it snatched out of a twisted and rotted sheath. Old age should be lovely, a gleam upon it—more and more the intrinsic light of the Blade flashing through, as the sheath wears thin.

Myriad of monks have taught us nothing but the uses of denial and restraint. The blessed nuns of the ages wither or grow fat according to their dispositions, but watchers who come forth from their bedsides shake their heads at the last. There has been no revelation. The eunuchs have only added unto the world's misery and mania. Meanwhile we want immunity from sickness and accident. We care to be summoned from the Other Side and to answer the summons with calmness and cheer. We dream of a fountain of youth while we are here; a life of radiant growth and conscious authority over the trillions of cells of which we are made. We ask to know the immortal, as we use the mortal. Only from the inner and enduring consciousness can we keep the scabbard straight and clean. . . . Out of it all there is this point: A few saints have died happily; a very few have died beautifully. The world record even shows a saint now and then through the ages gloriously surrendering his sword. Not an occultist, but a saint! The fact is, one must be

conscious of the inner body to surrender the outer with memorable charm. More, one must be conscious in the inner body to live out his planetary years with grace. More still, one must be conscious in the inner body to build an outer that is immune to accident, disease and ghastly corruption of senility.

This is the quest of the ages. How does one go about it? Sensuality won't do it. Celibacy has been well-tried and failed. What will build this body? The answer is here for once without symbolism, alchemy, occultism or any mystification. Celibacy-plus will build this body. Plus what? Plus the stuff the saints are made of. This is a love story—the finest story in the world. Love never faileth. I shall not dodge the issue with Scripture, or with what others have said. I cannot tell you what Love is, because none of us here have yet entered that Temple. At best we have only reached the Outer Court, but we know enough of what love means—love with the little I—to begin to build now this outer death-body from the standpoint of the inner and deathless.

A. E. has told us that we live here like open fireplaces—fourteen out of fifteen units of heat going up the chimney. That covers the difficulty. Another way to express it is, we run to seed. We are whirled around in the little orbit of seed-making which is a natural but not spiritual manner of being, whirled in the little wheel of births and deaths in generation. A plant's triumph is its seed. All its energy goes to that; even the flower and the pulp are but inventions through which seeds are fertilized and scattered. The great

oranges are seedless today; the great melons are coming to be. This is regeneration.

We give our bodies to seed-making, our health, our lives. But if celibacy won't stop this natural madness which we groan to grow out of—what will? Celibacy plus! The celibate first learns denial. This is a preliminary step—a struggling one that must be taken. One sometimes has to kill a part of desire in order to cope with it at all at first, but to kill out desire altogether is to kill the man and utterly to fail. Transmutation is the changing of desire from one plane to another. First denial, then restraint; first austerity, then tenderness. The iron of denial would not be used at all, except that we are out of the Law, and have to get back into the Law by any means, before we can begin.

But celibacy does not stop the seed-making, does not make us immune to sickness, old age or death. A man or woman withdraws from the life of generation without getting anywhere apparently. This seems so because to cope with the tendencies of the body—even to begin upon transmutation—we have to fight desire to a standstill for a time, and this puts love to sleep, because all the love we have known is the love of desire. We stop using the functions of desire in generation, but the seed-making goes madly on, grinding us into the earth, under the wheel. What will stop this natural traffic in our bodies? Love will stop it, but not the love of desire or of possession. We don't know what love means, but we know a dimension of love beyond the sensuous. We know that this love sets the beloved free; that it casts out fear; that it slowly unfolds the meaning

of Comrade; delights in giving, not in getting; is not cast down utterly in separation, and softly prepares in the heart the stamina to take the Long Road together. These are but hints. Love is the stuff saints are made of. It is the Being of the Spirit. The awakening of Love within us is the awakening of spiritual consciousness. The physical has become fine enough to be used, and the Prince or Princess so long enchanted is aroused at last. First the mind and body try to use the Spirit, but progress only becomes satisfactory and sustained when the body and mind is rendered to the Love Nature which begins to Be us, within and without.

What has love to do with this frantic making of seeds in our bodies? It is the one perfect solvent. Killing out desire is killing out the only love we are familiar with. Changing desire to the next higher dimension of love is transmutation. A man may accomplish desirelessness, and remain unregenerate. Becoming a lover by changing desire, he enters upon the transmutation which will cause him to be born again even in this body, healing his disease and awakening to sing within him, the fountain of perpetual youth. A mistake often occurs here because those who enter upon this regenerative work, so frequently lose every idea but the restoring of organic well-being. This work with the physical alone is pestiferous.

The body must be built devotedly and tenderly upon the established rock of its use for the benefit of others. The physical in generation is flaccid, rancid, full of death, and cannot endure the strong vibrations of Spiritual Being. Through weeks and months and pos-

sibly years of devoted transmutation, work which cannot really be carried on in full without love, the result accomplished is first the actual rebuilding, cell by cell, of the physical. Then begins the enhancement of the mind, so that a man's mental powers are actually startling to others and himself, especially the ease of their use. Then begins the real work of all, the use of the body and mind by the Spirit. Love, the Solvent, changes water into wine, base metals to gold, lifting the trivial energy of the natural to the superhuman energy of the spiritual, whose performance is genius, heroism and majesty. A young mystic workman told me years ago his way to begin upon this work of transmutation: "Love!" he exclaimed. "Love, love anything, love everything, pour out, love from here," and he pressed his hand intensely to his heart. His words stand. Love fans the fires of real life into being as certainly as sparks fly upward.

As love begins upon the perfect work, luring and lifting the furious energy of the organic life from the process of seed-making, the strength is turned to the renewal of the body, which becomes a means and a dynamo for the healing of others. Also the spiritual nature reveals itself, more and more through the physical as loveliness and light. Daily the capacities for loving increase. Insofar as romance is concerned, one cannot love the body of the mate—even in the kiss there is the pang of separation—until the love of desire, which is the seed-maker, is changed to the love of liberation, and three-score-and-ten becomes but the march of a day or the tarrying of a night. All I have

said of meditation and transmutation in foregoing letters has its place now in this; and especially all I have said of man and woman taking the Mystic Road together has its part, because the most powerful love we have to work with in the early step is the aroused desire nature. Where fuel is piled high the fires are hotter and the crucible of the body changes more swiftly from red to white heat which is necessary in transmutation. Indeed, from every angle those travel the fastest on this Road who travel together as lovers, and only such can hope to know the beauty and dearness of the body in its true planetary place. This is the rousing message for the New Age: that the plan is for joy; that pain passes but joy endures; that stresses and austerities and solitudes may be put behind far more quickly than was dreamed of in elder days, when they seemed to mean all of mysticism; that love is the solvent, love the way, the Mystic Road a road of lovers. We do not dream yet of the glories of union between men and women. We can only enter upon that dream when our enchantment in body and mind is fully broken and we stand spiritually awakened, consciously immortal.

THIRTY-FIFTH LETTER*

The mystic has taken the incomparable step of realization that there is a Knower above the Thinker; that because he thinks a thing does not make it so.

MEDITATION is the process of rubbing the Lamp.

We are bringing these affairs now down to the point where vagueness must vanish. There are no common or casual questions about meditation, I believe, which cannot be answered. If I cannot answer any questions you may ask, I shall try to get the answer from another. Enough of the results of partial coördination are in the world to furnish proof of the power of the process. The yearning of all the sages and saints of the ages amounts to an identical quest—for yoga, for union—union of the objective with the essential consciousness.

You have felt the drive of anger back of a thought. You have felt the ugly heat of it mantle your face and harden your eyes and roughen your voice. In all human experience, there is not a single instance when the sensation of anger has driven a thought with verity. The sickness of your body afterward, if you are delicate enough not to thrive on the poisons of rage, is but an added proof of the falsity of mind-work under such a drive. What is true of anger is true of all the passions, all the low urges of the temperamental realm. The mystic quester must surpass the little self that answers to impulses of such character.

*Letter Thirty-three was an explanation of our work and was printed in the First Letter of the First Book. Letter Thirty-four contained working definitions and was printed in the Fifteenth Letter of the First Book.

You are where the torch of consciousness is. If you are carried by your anger into absurdity or atrocity, you are that; a prisoner of the mind in its envy, cupidity, hatred, in its lust, sickness and inertia. The world of men is caught in these, so deeply caught as to have lost the sense of the Real and to regard life in the midst of this chaos and disruption, as having to do with reason and order, even with beauty. The mystic, on the contrary, awakening to memory of the Long Road of the Soul, and beginning to feel again the loneliness of a Being, far from home, finds such days as these in the world intolerable, a wheel of torment. He arises to break his shackles, to extricate himself from so hideous a predicament.

There is not energy enough to break the shackles in the consciousness of the man or woman, who accepts the world as it is, who is satisfied with the world, even at its best. The urge of the mystic must come from some vague dim consciousness on the inner side of the mind. A man in the parade cannot see that he is being paraded; he must become a spectator. The mystic, therefore, is one whose Basic Nature has begun to stir within, to renew its old hope for freedom and the pursuit of happiness which is its birthright.

We are gathered together to attain Freedom, to breathe Liberation even in the flesh, in this present incarnation. Our difficulty amounts to just this: to arouse sufficient power and sentiency on the inner side of the mind, to pass the dragon at the outer gate, which the mind is. For ages our souls have writhed dumbly, hopelessly within, until at last in the breasts of a few is

organized daring and working strength enough to attempt a dash past the dragon at the gate.

Give yourself to the study of the terms we deal with. Roughly speaking, the mind stands between the immortal and the ephemeral; between the Soul, or Basic Nature, and the body. A close-up shows that between the mind and the body, on the nether side, is the realm of feelings, sensations, called the temperatmental realm. Between the mind and the Soul, on the upper side, is the psychological, or realm of Feeling, what we have written of as the Astral Drift, and what Hindu students have called the Hall of Illusion, "a serpent coiled under every leaf." We must get this clear, because thought is *driven* by feeling; in the many by the lower, almost organic sensations of the temperamental realm; in the few, by the subtler feeling of the psychological realm. Thought, with its drive from either realm, for the most of us, carries the torch of consciousness.

The mystic has taken the incomparable step of realization that there is a Knower above the thinker; that because he thinks a thing does not make it so.

Be patient a moment more to get this definitely, crystal clear. Either realm, above or below the mind, is treacherous; the upper, more subtly so. Artist, actor, poet, emotional orator and the like, even the best of the worldly lovers, yoke their thoughts for action with the feeling of the psychological realm, instead of the simpler sensations of the temperamental; and yet, they are still pitifully astray. They find themselves in the midst of subtleties of impulse, waste places of smoulder-

ing desire, of a guile too deep to come forth and be dealt with in the decent open of every-day consciousness, which most of us are now able to keep clean with a yes-and-no honesty, at least.

Not one of us, certainly not the one who writes to you, is free from the dominion of the mind. I repeat to you, here and now, that I am not a responsible Being, because my coördination is not complete. I would not lie to you in my objective consciousness, but that is not all. My mind must be pole-true, Self true. If I could render myself utterly, mind to Self, without subtlety, sophistry or illusion of the psychological realm; if I could render my mind now, tonight to my own Self, so utterly as to burn away every obstruction from the realm of feeling, my words instantly might become to you the words of one of the Illuminati.

As the artist emerges from the many by looking above the mind for the energy of feeling to drive his thought, instead of below the mind; so the mystic emerges from the artist, by driving straight through the psychological realm to his own Self. His Self to him is what Polaris is to this earth, the one star that does not change. From an ordered place in his objective consciousness, the mystic seeks to project a straight and unbroken line through the psychological realm to the center of his own Self.

Now we should be ready for direct and potent work. The Self is Basic Nature. The mind is an added power given to it, to facilitate its expression. The mind thinks, and thought is driven by feeling. Below the mind is temperament, sensation; above the mind is the

psychological realm, feeling. This covers the working essentials for the subject of meditation. The object is to touch the magic of the Self and use it objectively—here, now in the world; that is to make the mind and its two realms a working part of the Self. The mind must become plain and true—tried fully in sincerity, in integrity, in fidelity, before it can be accepted in allegiance once more with the Self. The process of making it obedient—humble, plain, true, is meditation. It is rubbing the lamp of Aladdin, because Genii answer to each perfect rendering—the Knower, the Doer, the Lover.

The Self breathes forth, even through the reclaimed surfaces of consciousness, before the full coördination is consummated. But again and again in this fiery interval of the Road, the Self shrinks back in misery and fright from the brutal words and performances of that part of our nature still out of the Law. The whole man is in pain during these shrinkings of the Self; depression is inevitable to one who has felt even so softly the pure and potent drive of his Self in wisdom, love or power. This very pain becomes incentive again—for a time—to more utter rendering.

I would warn you here that to dwell with these things in such directness makes you responsible. Turn away now from this letter, rather than to toy or dally with such affairs. If in these beginnings of knowledge of your Being, you make a prayer for union; rendering your mind to your Self, calling to the Knower and the Doer and the Lover of your own Being, sending the word of your utter rendering, again and again, through

every corridor of Being— “. . . Utterly . . . Utterly . . . Utterly . . .” the answer will come. The Holy Spirit answers such renderings; the Holy Spirit works with you for your Recreation. You will find the next day, and the next, increasing power in your body and mind, but you must walk very softly with this new power, lest it break forth and destroy you through some uncoördinated part of your mind or body.

THIRTY-SIXTH LETTER

*You come to the Self with bowed head, empty,
having failed, having found all life intolerable.*

HOW much do you want this thing, Coördination? It means to be born again, but where we are now, birth means pain. The pain has to do not with the new, but with the death of the old that formed its matrix. The old case falls away. "The king is dead: Long live the King." . . . If you want this thing enough you can have it, but courage and stamina are required. You are called to be a gamester; you must stake all and stand by, losing with grace all that the world holds to. You lose the old; you change all your outer ways, because they are not the ways of your Genius. By your Genius, I mean the inimitable You, underneath and back of all, the Immortal.

You must want this thing more than you want ease, more than health, wealth or any earthly establishment. You must want it more than you want earth-love. All that you are in the world must bow before it; place, power and all things men see in you to idealize. At first, you give up grudgingly, one by one, the things that detain you in the world, and in the lesser self—your habits, appetites, manners, faults. Each time, at first, when you make a little renunciation, you think that the Master surely must come and take you in his arms at once. But thicker and faster are called forth your renunciations, as you approach the foothills on the Road. Days of your quickening stride; gray days for the human heart. You find obliquities in your thought

and action, you did not dream of; cruelties and lusts, subtleties and sophistries and softenings of character that require long, steady, patient work—above all *sincere* work. You find these outer horrors of the petty self in the light that is growing within. One in the world of self loves the self; is filled and satisfied with world-ways, self ways. The Lord Gautama, in his own Light, even as a youth, found everything wrong with the world and himself, when first looking upon sickness, old age and death. After many days you have the grim satisfaction, at least, that you can now change in a day more than you could formerly change in a month; change meaning transmutation, death of the old and birth of the new. You now realize that to change is the whole work; that consciously to change is transmutation, a mystic office; that development means change or death of the old that the new may be released.

You realize that you need more vitality to endure the steady and rapid process of lesser deaths which are taking place in your body. Your health improves, because you have put away many of the little things that keep up a steady drain on your vitality; in fact, really on the Road, you will find that your health is being powerfully managed from within, the processes of regeneration giving you extraordinary endurance in certain ways; but daily for a time you use up all this surplus strength, because the deaths of the old follow fast and follow faster.

There is not only the shock of battle, but there is the cleansing of the battle field afterward. One by one your old thoughts and feelings are stricken with death—

faster and more ruthlessly, until it seems that your fingers are being hammered from the last ledge. Then these old thoughts and feelings have to be disintegrated, broken up for the nurture of the new body, the poison eliminated, the system cleansed. All the little renunciations are said to form the Passion; then comes Crucifixion, different in each breast. This means giving up the one great thing—to some, it is house, lands and friends; to others, the craving for political or intellectual dominion over men; to others, caste, or aristocracy of mind; to others, the possessive love of children; to many, it is the earth love of the mate. In any case, it is the one thing you have kept, saying. "This surely belongs to me. It is Me. . . . It can't mean that this must go too."

The fact that you hold to it last and hardest is the measure of the importance of its passing. Do you not see that all the old is now clinging desperately to it, all your old thoughts and feelings, all the old life that prevents the new from growth? It is the one thing that keeps the balance of power in the mortal, preventing the deliverance of the Immortal from within.

Coördination is yours if you want it enough. You must want it more than anything here. You must approach your Genius, palms up, full of faith, staking every substance of earth upon your faith that what He has is better for you than anything, of any nature whatsoever, that the world can offer—a better relation to the world even, a lovelier relation to friends and children, a fairer love than you have ever known as a mortal. You must hold to this, against all the advisers of the

world, even those who hint that your mind is failing; against the smash of material fortune and the degrading of your every living ideal; you may even be called to watch the health of your body disrupted and the dearer part of your self put from you in shadows and monstrous illusions. In the midst of this Passion and Crucifixion, you must finally see that nothing of the world or the petty self is fit to stay; not even that which you have called love, even though you have thought yourself a great lover and have given much to that. You come to your Self with bowed head, empty, having failed, having found all life intolerable. . . .

On the way to this point, possibly through many incarnations, you have taken half-measures. Look about you now in the world, even in the world of religion, you will find myriads giving a little, but holding much; even giving much and keeping perhaps only the last furious grip upon planetary life, building the cross upon which the lower self must die. You will even find many religious documents that do not urge the complete surrender of self; or which try to give you the first lessons in joy, before you are half through the grades of pain; the result of which cannot be other than a still or untimely birth. You will find the very *moral* element of the world today, counting such measures, as told in this letter, fanatical; you will find a system of placations vast as the solar system . . . but the inexorable remains, if you want something for your body or psychic nature more than you want Enlightenment; if you prefer to give your mind right-of-way over certain departments of being, instead of ren-

dering all—utterly—to Basic Being, you are still divided, not ready to become One.

Yet the passage is not all one of misery. There is a sense of well-being on the Road. The time comes when you find it easier to go on and up than to stay; time when all voices here say Stay, but your Self says Stay Not. You have tried to stay—and felt the breath of the inner life slacken, the pulse of the Self diminish. That is the only pain there is to one who has felt the beneficence of Awakening; to one who has felt, at all, the presence of the Self in the human mind and body! . . . In the last days of the death of the old, the pain is constant, yet you know that it is the pain that frees the new life. You do not want comfort for the old then; no life-giving solution to prolong the misery of the old body that holds so hard against death. Before this, many times, you have brought it back to life—taking earth-love in your arms once more, or turning to the temporal again to assuage the pain of days. Myriad times you have brought the old back to life through such a failure. This amounts to failure mystically; any placation of the old comes to mean a failure in ordeal. But even these lessons pass, when you come into that spiritual strength which realizes pain and pleasure of the molecular body to be but opposites of the same thing. Neither suffices to one who has felt the Knower in his mind, the Lover in his heart of flesh, and the Doer heroic and miraculous in the human hand. . . . Indeed in these last days, one becomes alarmed if the pain stops, lest the processes of birth are being impeded. One learns to stay in the

upper room of Being, apart from the pleasure or pain of the body.

Yes, there is a sense of well-being, and there is invincible help. One who succeeds in turning over the mind-will—the little instrument of “I will” and “I won’t,” to the Doer who “Does” or “Does not” without intensity or protestation or advertisement; when one realizes that he can change in a night’s meditation a habit of the years with little or no inconvenience; or rise to any earthly occasion without flush or fury or a clenched muscle anywhere; when one learns that he may take any human problem or puzzle to the Knower, and if straight and sincere and eager enough, the perfect answer is for him—a forever, changeless answer, having nothing to do with separate concepts or opinions of the mind, operating in the realm of change, but in no way affected by materials; above all, when one realizes that the glorious solvent of all misery and pain is his, for his straight rendering of allegiance to the Lover within—such a man moves, not as one without hope, even in the midst of stresses and ordeals, the least of which is supposed to break the human heart.

THIRTY-SEVENTH LETTER

With each step of the spiritual and the natural toward each other the Holy Spirit works at the weaving of the garments for their union.

TODAY there is an aggressive ardor finally to be rid of all shabby thoughts and sick feelings. Hour by hour, we repudiate the thoughts which rove into the brain, and deny the reality of fears, resentments and depressions which possess, and which fend off the true and the beautiful from body and mind. . . . Far back and deep in consciousness, there is a sense that we should be able to accomplish this change from the mortal to the Immortal in the supreme effort of an instant. We read in the mystic books that many incarnations are required really to enter Enlightenment, after one has consciously set out on the Road; yet in the Light on the Path, which is among the greatest of the mystical documents, is this sentence: "And yet when the will has reached its strength the whole miracle may be worked in the twinkling of an eye."

I have been unable to bring about this great instantaneous change. Daily the reasons become more clear. We haven't bodies nor minds of a quality to endure great light; moreover, to change the molecular body too swiftly would slay it. We have to earn light day by day; build bodies that can endure it. Even after the popular reasons for giving up meat are forgotten in mystical progress, the matter of diet remains an important daily care. There is a spiritual and there is a natural body. Our purpose is to make them one; to

accomplish their being and working together. They are cut off from each other, because one is carnal. It must cease to be carnal before it can be reunited with the other. A carnal diet does not so readily build cells that will sustain even the dawn of Basic Being in the outer consciousness. On the contrary, a carnal diet builds cells that are subject to death. The time comes on the Road when the quester wants Enlightenment more than he wants anything else, and he cannot eat meat and live with himself without added difficulty. He cannot eat meat and be clean, even to his own outer senses.

Nor can he give himself to indiscriminate herbivorousness. He needs his energy in the transmutation work, in his work for others. A raw vegetable diet, for instance, requires hours for assimilation and forces the nutritive system to cope with vast quantities of waste matter. Cabbage, radishes and cucumbers are cleaner than chops and steaks, but they feed neither the outer nor the inner body. Honey, fruits, nuts, the sunlight foods, the natural sweets, are rich in food value and not too difficult to assimilate. When butter, eggs, cheese and milk are used with them moderately, no physical body can possibly suffer on the Road.

The matter of stimulants of any kind, resolves itself into a matter as easily disposed of, from a certain point on the Road. The quester wants Enlightenment more than he wants anything else. He wants the light from within. He wants his mortal brain to open certain little doors to the light of the Immortal Soul. Stimulants

appear to rattle on the little doors of the brain from without, when what we are after is to have them open from within. These doors open from earth to heaven, and no wonder that men in their pitiful ignorance go mad for drugs that force them ever so little, even the wrong way. Having breathed the Open, rightly or wrongly, most of us mortals would gladly die for it again.

It is the same with keeping the laws of day and night. The quester soon realizes that he cannot tolerate the feel of a body such as most men take downtown in the morning. He wants Enlightenment more than he wants anything else, and there isn't anything that the evening can offer, unless it is a chance to do something real for another, that pays him for spoiling the next day. He is taught that the highest health known to worldly-minded men on earth today is a sick torment, compared to the specifications for health on an orderly planet. The hours of darkness are for the restoration of the molecular body. A man dies daily on the Mystic Road. "Development is a process of little deaths." The quester must have marvelous health, as the world would call it, to endure these swift deaths of old thought and feeling which shriek with pain and fear before the oncoming of the light.

The life of generation is a world by itself, at least as we know it, having its laws and walls and bars and subtler limitations. I am taught that there is a beauty and order and mystical progress possible under proper

planetary conditions; but certainly such attainment is not possible on earth today within the generative dimension.

Step by step, I believe, the quester comes to understand all these matters. Argument ends, all thinks and opinions on the subject. He comes into a health no athlete knows; a health such as no children know; because, as he behaves more and more, his real health is entrusted to him, even the fountain of his Youth. Still he is a sick man—sick for Home. In the light that grows within, he sees how far he is from Home; how far his whole planetary company is from Home. The planet becomes to him then, like a voyaging ship, and all the people, seamen or passengers; but the Mystic Shore is far ahead and that which he left long ago is spiritual agony, in the faintest beginnings of remembrance. Yet he must stay with the ship; and it has become plain to him, before this, that what he can do for the ship and the ship's company is the breath of his own Life.

It is well to remember occasionally that all rendering of the mind and body back to Basic Nature, which is the inbreath of meditation, amounts to nothing, so far as the world is concerned, unless the Basic Being can express itself back to the world through the body and mind in the outbreath. We cannot know what is going on in the spiritual body unless we become sensitive or sentient enough to register the vibrations in the natural body; therefore the effort is constant and cumulative to be fine, even superb, in body and mind. Thus

the need for all the cleansing and corrective steps in the early days of the Road.

The day comes when the quester finds that with all the early preparations accomplished; having come into the law of day and night and the use of the sweet and intended foods for man; having changed the torments of desire to the love that casts out fear and fulfills the Law; having begun upon the regenerative use of the life currents and the renovation of the last of shabby thoughts and sick fears—even so, the quester finds his part all he can do to put the balance of consciousness across the line into the Immortal and hold it there. Therefore, since mystical attainment is a matter of actual bodily rebuilding; since we cannot put new machinery of incredibly heightened dynamics in the same old building (nor new wine in old bottles); since we recall that Saint Paul was felled to the earth, by a mere flash of illumination on the road to Damascus, and that it would be impossible for us to retain consciousness in a too swift process of restoration—it slowly becomes apparent why we are not made over in the twinkling of an eye. Too sudden illumination would seem to involve our making over without our own efforts, in which case the cohering line would be lost between the old and new.

Day by day we make ourselves over in the image of the Self, as much as we can conceive on the outside. Day by day the nature of the Self unfolds to us, showing us the Real, showing us what Sincerity, Fidelity, Integrity really are, for our poor faltering outer efforts

in the use of these things. With each real effort, no matter how clumsy, we are nearer the point of becoming that which we idealize. And with each step of the spiritual and natural toward each other, the Holy Spirit works at the weaving of the garments for their union.

THIRTY-EIGHTH LETTER

All that we scream and cry about on the Mystic Road . . . is only our indisposition to give up our own disease.

THE young Mystic prays: Lord, Thou said, Come unto me, and I came. And Lord, Thou said, Knock, and it shall be opened. I knocked and lo, the door opened unto me.

Older grown, in the height of his organic and intellectual powers, the Mystic prays: Lord, Thou Who said, Come unto me, behold I come. And Lord, Thou Who said, Knock and it shall be opened unto thee, lo, in this hour I knock.

In the fullness of his years, the lustre of departure upon his brow, his garments a perfume, his presence healing unto others, the aged Mystic prays: Lord, Thou Who said, Come unto me, lo, I am preparing to come. And Lord, Thou who said, Knock and it shall be opened, pray teach me further, the way to knock.

These that follow are transcripts from personal letters written to different workers, who receive these papers.

. . . Two or three times in the past two or three years we have received rare light from you. I mean that you have undoubtedly been using spiritual force at intervals in your work for others. That is a very real thing. You have been using more and more the real vibration of Yourself, and that's a dynamic quality. It wears like fire on a body, and that's why it is

so necessary to do every little thing for health. Those recent matters in the Letters about health are surely not merely decorative, so far as I am concerned. I can use up more health in a day than I formerly did in a week. I'm getting health to use by care, care, care in all the matters we formerly thought even faddish to go after. Sleep, diet, exercise, conservation in every detail, no stimulation whatsoever, and no waste energy (when I can stop it) in useless thoughts. It's all a making over, the slow building of receiving stations in the mind and organic feelings to take direct the vibrations of the Basic Nature, which are above fear and suspicion and all the lesser drama of love and death. Of course, the Spirit is the Love Thing Itself. Touching That, one begins to know what Love is.

I'm only telling you what I have found necessary. You're a kid yet, and you know a lot I didn't at your age. You have a woman to walk with you on the Road. You two should come into a great future. *There is no fear*, as I am taught. But much care is demanded; all of one's sincerity and integrity and fidelity is demanded. Progress can be felt, and that alone should be enough compensation to live on, for anyone in this Place of Suffering, because Progress means the way out.

One must win an almost perfect control over mind and feelings. You can build over the body, right now. You can learn to live serenely in the midst of anything the world may do. You've been trying splendidly, and every try counts. They're all sham, these things that hurt us. They come from thinks and heredity and bad bringing up and other habits. They don't belong. A

man can get serene in the midst of any stress, if he is brave and faithful to his own Spirit. It's as simple as that, but we find it hard to do. I am finding it so. I'm merely stating to you what seems so to me. You are all right to me on any part of the Trail.

I've tramped alone all day in the high, still places—seen only a few lizards—through yucca and manzanita and live oak and pine—always the same seeking. To-night I'm alone—fifth or sixth night alone—away up here on a ridge in the midst of a nest of peaks. It takes a lot to get me pure. I've been trying a long time, and this sort of thing should do it if anything. Absolutely sterile up here and pine-flavored and the stars are a different universe. They frighten one. Sleep on six inches thick of pine nettles—a fire at my feet—the crash of a mountain stream far below. . . . Oh, it's step by step, step by step—the “Soul's slow disentanglement.”

. . . Why don't you see it? It was never so plain before. Finding the Self is all you want. All need, all agony of separation, is only the passionate pain of division in your own being. Why, you could walk with your own beloved in ecstatic communion; you in the back country of Greece and she in the hills of Judea—if you were not cut off from your own Spirit. Do you think that is poetic license? Very far from that; Your Spiritual nature is your lover—the nature you love with. It is cognizant at all times of its own Dearest. It isn't in time and space, as mind is. We are cut off from our own, by distance, because we are in the mind. Finding the Self is finding the beloved—as literally as

if she were in an upper room, and you climbed the stairs to reach her. To know what Love means—is a secret no longer. To know what Love means—is to become one with one's own Spirit.

We cling and cling to our own heaviness and limitation. All that we scream and cry about on the Mystic Road—all that we look so doleful over, talking so much about the ministry of pain—is only our indisposition to give up our own disease.

As the mind gives itself more and more in glad allegiance to the Spirit—turning in to the Doer and the Knower and the Lover for Enlightenment to use in all its ways of objective performance—the mind's tragic allegiance to the organic and temperamental and psychic realms is loosened and finally severed. Old feelings rise as before, but cannot key themselves to thought. They rise like blind, dumb monsters from the deep. Their great slow energies are at last ready for transmutation. Now, more and more, the mind becomes enamored of its Own. Consciously ages ago, I am told, the mind severed its allegiance with Spirit. Now it must consciously return. It finds the old joys, the old powers. Its gaze inward becomes more and more fixed, more rapt. It learns finally in the simplest things to trust, to have faith, in its own spiritual invincibility. It even gives up its own ways of loving, which is often hard. The mind will acknowledge intellectually that the spiritual nature is the only true Lover, yet still hold its own ways.

It sounds strange that the giving up of glamor should be such a torturing process. Glamor is of the mind. It

is the mind's way of making the loved one over to suit itself. Glamor must be disintegrated before real love can become operative. For a while there seems nothing to live for—neither glamor nor the spiritual beauty that endures. This is the Dark Night, yet it is a giving away of the petty to obtain the vast. One sacrificing glamor comes into seership. One sees the Spirit of others. That is invincible. One need only see the Lover in another to be invincibly attracted. To be attracted is joy. One spiritually awake does not worry about being loved. That worry is a confession of the mind's weakness. One cries out only for the privilege of loving. To see another essentially is to understand; to understand is to love.

. . . I wonder if you can't get out of the rigid sense of duty in performing these things you are called to do. It should not be hard for you to forgive anyone. If you understood that one, it would be necessary for you to love him. If you had come the way he came, you would be much as he is. We have no right, either to judge or to forgive. Neither have we the right to permit ourselves to be hurt by others. The whole Road, as we see it now, is a correction of self, and this necessitates automatically the perfecting of our relations to others. There is no such thing as painful sacrifice, really. What you do for others, you do for yourself. It is such a good investment that it seems almost a shame to take it.

. . . As you give your mind more and more to this subject of rendering, it gradually becomes the chief impulse of the days. You will find that books, less,

and the admonitions from within, more, will keep you well advised, step by step. Give yourself more and more to this great Purpose—the practice of the Presence.

. . . You seem to have broken open something ahead of time. All through, your letter tells of psychic, rather than spiritual, accomplishment. I write this to warn you to turn in an opposite direction as fast as you can. I hope you can get back into yourself without greater hurt.

The definite thing to do is to change all your processes of meditation, even to stop all approaches to the psychic plane. Live actively in a physical way. Get yourself good and tired. Do not allow yourself to go alone. Do not tolerate the presence of psychics or mediums or ouija boards. Pray to the far, clean, invincible God.

THIRTY-NINTH LETTER

It is a way of unfoldment, and you pay in the outer for inner power until the two become one.

FURTHER angles of the Road in the form of another set of cuttings from personal letters:

. . . You have touched one of the underlying concepts of the Letter work. All the better if you reach a time when you will not need these Letters. One of the best messages we have received was from one who asked to be dropped from the List, because the time had come when the Letters distracted the attention from gazing within. Yes, we hope that you will come to know that any message of man's making is secondary to your admonitions from within. Papers like these are only helps by the way. In this sense they are like the different cults, none of which should hold you. They are braces and scaffoldings, and one who acknowledges that he has long been true to the cult or schism of his fathers, confesses the slowness of his forward movement. It may almost be said that it is only the founders of any certain organization who are called upon to stay with it. As youths in our reading we touch one great man after another—Emerson, Nietzsche, Carlyle, Whitman, Carpenter—enter their class-rooms and pass on. . . . You will know no separation from us when the Letters cease to be needed. In fact, it is only then that we shall really begin to know each other.

All there is to any teaching is what you can bring down to everyday living; how much you can make mind *mind*; how good you are to live with. The first ques-

tion about any teaching is, Is it beneficent? And the best wish or thought that you can get from these Letters, is toward your living your best every day.

To perceive beauty or love or delight in satisfying forms here, is confession of spiritual coma. The arousing Spirit sees love and beauty and happiness in connection with forms, because it begins to see the Essential back of the form. To pursue alleged loveliness from the standpoint of the mind, which can know only the form, and to affirm that all is well here on earth, when all is decidedly to the contrary, may bring a certain sleekness, even a pseudo-serenity for the time, but trouble is ahead for the affirmer, as certainly as it is for the surgeon who sews his scissors within the patient's wound.

. . . It occurs to me to warn you about giving yourself unreservedly, in meditation, unless you are positively sure that it is to your own Basic Nature that you render. I do not question the raptness or magic of certain of your moments, even though I am a stranger to such in the objective consciousness. But I warn you to be sure of what you are doing in each step.

. . . As for my part in helping you, be careful that you do not overestimate it. It is important to me to help you while I can, but keep my part clear of the imagination, and even from those surges of gratitude which are not impersonal. It is only our growing care in these things which makes me write.

. . . I am glad that you have had a glimpse, at least, of what a sham Fear is. There is no Fear, as I am taught; as there is no secret in the universe. All

our suffering comes from unworthy and unlawful activities of mind and feeling. The sufferings that have to do with the Mystic Road are caused by the difficulties we meet in regaining our place within the Law. Yes, others have had these battles, such as you are passing through, and have come up into serenity through them. Repudiate your thoughts of Fear, one by one, and again and again. Continue this work in the intervals when these fears do not come into the objective; keep up your war against them, even then, and you will find that they have much more difficulty in getting hold upon you next time. All this is in the realm of transmutation. It is a holding of the unreal against the Real, until the unreal is disintegrated. The use of reason is a wonderful help at this point. The supreme function of the mind is reason, and it is proven that the brighter side of the mind may be used to overcome the darkness of the other. Realize that coördination means your happiness, your romance, your health, your material well-being, your art, beauty and invincibility; stand calmly on the mind's high ground in relation to these things, *reasoning* in detail and in general why union with Basic Being will perfect all these affairs and overcome the disruption apparent in life and work. The mind which so often proves our enemy, becomes our ally when thus evoked.

. . . The big point on the matter of conquest over our old habits of body and temperament and thought, is to come into the use of Volition (the Doer), instead of the little mind will. Review carefully all that you know about the Doer, the same which is called the

Warrior, as I understand, in *Light on the Path*. Remember, when the Doer works with you, that which is done is done easily. There is said to be a boy-child of twelve who has checkmated the great chess players of the world, passing from one board to another. This to me is significant of the Doer's activity. The mind says *I will*, and the mind says *I won't*, but Volition does or does not. You must give yourself to endeavor in the beginning; that is, you must use every effort of mind and will to overcome your old habits and manners of life. The reason for this seems to be that one must show his sincerity, one must come half way. The Doer, which is of your Basic Nature, the Wonder Worker, the Magic Maker, will not work with you unless your effort is sincere. When the Doer works with you, more is done in a moment than you could do in months of preparation. If the preparatory work is done, and you have established your sincerity of effort toward overcoming, you may lean back upon the Doer—turning over all responsibility, laughing away the impulses to gratify the old habits of body and mind, summoning reason to help the mind, repeating over in your mind why you wish to be free; but above and underneath all, turning over the whole struggle, its issue and even its pangs, to the Doer in your breast. . . . Impulses are mainly of the mind. Give yourself to serious steady sustained sincere study, and more light about the Doer will unfold from day to day.

. . . You must arise out of this introspection. Your letter makes more clear your serious predicament. Your mind is the gaoler, your Self the pris-

oner; and yet so lost is the mind to the fact of this hideous derangement, that it dares to be fascinated by the predicament of the Self. It seems to look in at the caged Thing there, delighting in its helpless loveliness. That is the form of your introspection. I do not see you in the position of safety and strength which you conceive yourself to be in now. It looks like a preposterous whim of the gaoler to me. . . . You have played with the world like a child, but not as a man. You cannot find the task by sorting over possibilities like a child in a garden. You must give yourself to the nearest thing to do, in order to find the work that you love. All your cry is to get spiritual power flowing out through your hands and face and voice. You are struggling for that, as we all are, for that means happiness—to be clean enough in the outer to be used by the Inner. And yet, in this introspection you are caught in a kind of enchantment of inner staring. You must stop it, to save the incarnation, it seems to me. Break loose. Find a set of experiences that will occupy you on the outside, like a fight for life.

I think I discern the difficulty you are up against in looking for signs. This way that I have been bold enough to indicate to others, isn't a way of phenomena at all. I wouldn't show you any signs if I had them. It is a way of unfoldment, and you pay in the outer for inner power—that is, you seem to pay, because your attachment to outer things must be broken. As a real matter of fact, you give up the tainted for the clean—the fragmentary for the whole. You even get the outer ordered, too, but it is not in a day. It takes long, hard,

patient work, but meanwhile you are building your own character, though forced to build it less and less self-consciously. There is a keenness of self-consciousness which comes, before it can be put away. Introspection belongs in this time of the self's intensity. Know that it is all a process of extrication. Count on us as belonging for the time. The best that we can do is only to help you to help yourself, but the association is good. It has a deeper meaning than we know, but it is not at all like what we think.

FORTIETH LETTER

*In the calm of the Soul lies Knowledge. From
the tranquility of the Heart comes Power.*

THIS has become a mantram to me through use. I found it first three years ago in Annie Besant's *Doctrine of the Heart*, written in this form: Know now and forever that in the calm of the Soul lies real knowledge; and from the divine tranquility of the Heart comes power. I spoke then of the mantric quality to a friend who had observed the same; not only that, but this friend had found the sentence done on vellum, hand illumined, in an Italian shop. It became a gift to me. From time to time on different walls it has confronted me with its mighty significance, and especially in these late days, I have taken it unto myself with grateful care.

Just now I have been pondering the first line, instead of thinking what to say about it. There is so much in just that. It is not the thinker whose products I care to bring to you—but something out of that Calm. The Mystic learns to distinguish between the two vibrations in his own being. At last he repudiates, thought by thought, the uncoördinated offerings of his mind and all the feelings these thoughts are keyed to. In the fast and furious fighting of these days, help comes to him, if he is sincere; some mantram perhaps, that is like a stanchion to hold to in the midst of the conflict when the mind and its old ally, the mortal nature, are fully aroused to revolt.

In the calm of the Soul lies Knowledge. Ponder it in

the quiet places; hold to it and invite your Soul; walk softly, repeating it; do not let it go in the midst of outer stresses; make this holding for a few days, the inner half of every effort, physical, mental and spiritual. In the calm of the Soul lies Knowledge; that is the in-breath, if you work that way. From the tranquility of the Heart comes Power; that is the out-breath. Realize in your endeavor that you are turning over the whole activity of your outer being to the Warrior, a solemn and splendid action. Give your profoundest contemplation to every line that you know of what this Warrior is—the Doer, the Magic Maker, the Wonder Worker, the supreme power of dominion in and of your Basic Nature, One who works easily when working at all; always working in conjunction with the Knower.

Realize that the task which is set before you is the restoring of full allegiance of the mind-will to the Doer; of the mind as a whole to your Basic Nature. Realize that this amounts to your Coördination; the one and only flawless quest in this Gulf of Hell. It means to become focalized, not eccentric, stable not erratic; it means to live more quietly, accurately, decently in the midst of men; it means, more and more in your own closet, to become sincerely insistent upon the correction of your own faults; it means to silence on the instant, each shabby thought and its bawdy mate of feeling. These are our real enemies. Sometimes there is a battle of days over one fear or expression of wrath. After the battle is won, there is still sickness, because the field is yet uncleared.

The body is poisoned again and again by fears,

angers, jealousies; torn down continually by conflicts with them. It is a common occult statement that the work upon the inner body, through which we may become conscious of our immortality, is delayed and neglected by these conflicts. So much waste tissue and organic strength must be restored at night, that even though we have come into the law of day and night, there is not sufficient time left for work upon the Essential Nature. The importance of getting past these outpost skirmishes is now apparent; the importance of challenging instantly each inimical thought and feeling. If we let in the van, the rush of the horde follows.

All these struggles are of the Road, and yet they must cease to a degree, at least, when one comes to the point of sincerely striving in the outer to keep pace with the Recreative Work going on within. Instead of reaching the end of the day then, in a state of bewildered exhaustion, one seeks to come through with calm and order and reason, giving his body to the earth for swift restoration, in order that the consciousness may be brought up into Real Teaching, the magic seals loosened, and the drama of love and life brought down more and more in to the objective.

I quote from a letter written by a teacher in New Zealand. . . . "There must be complete surrender, none of the specious—'God is so good He wants me to have health or wealth or fame'—or whatever want the personal self may dictate. . . ." This sentence may well be studied. Our ears are dinned with sophistical voices pointing the way to compromise with the world under the guise of religious teaching. The heretic is

cleaner; any out-and-outer is better off. The way of the Cross is not the way of the crowd. The crowd has not conducted itself in any department according to the ways of the Cross. Not yet. The way of the crowd is open to you, but in following, do not lie to yourself that you are getting somewhere in integration. On the contrary you are still in diffusion. Your time in the world is not lost, unless you are actually failing to heed a call from within to make straight your paths, and prepare for a new order of being. In the diffusion of outer questing, you are putting on the culture of experience, the ordered synthesis of which shall be used later by the occultist or mystic you are yet to be. The world is a place of petty torments to one who has breathed Open Country at all, but it is all right for one who is still contained within its forms and systems and standards. Only be sure that your ways as a worldling, are not your ways as a mystical quester, not for a single leg of the journey. The ways of the Quest are not like the highest dreams of your mind. The ways of the Quest for one in the second year are different from any dreams of the quester of one year. The point is you cannot walk two ways, and you begin to take on a taint about which there is said to be an essential stench—that of hypocrisy—when you permit the mind to convince yourself and others that you may know content in the present social order and know Yourself at the same time.

Through one of our friends we have received the interesting comment that "Comfort has not said a new thing for months." There is always enlightenment in this sort of thing, and from the usual standpoint, I can readily see how true is the criticism. I have been a user

of many words, and have been able to make facile adjustments to many world angles. All world training for the time has been put away—all angles turned into one drive. I can well remember the time when a one-pointed effort, such as we have been making for more than a year in the Letters, would have seemed artless and impoverished from every vantage-point of culture. But we are out now after a different winning. Our purpose is to become true, if plain; "erect, if only a foot and one-half tall." Again and again I have been astounded at the folds within folds of my own sophistry as a literary workman, and as a man in the midst of my own people. It has been shown to me that much of my facility as a workman was tainted by my mind, and that the Doer, the real Workman and Player, could not work and play with me in the objective consciousness through the crooks and shifts of a mind which acknowledged no God before its own man-made Art. Even in relation to our Letter work, I have been forced to change every attitude that we began with—first to rectify, then to unify these attitudes. This work is not yet finished. I cannot say now that I have come into a pure ideal of service. Since I have been forced to acknowledge that my early conception of this Letter work was questionable, I cannot be sure that my attitude of today will not appear so a month from now. There are moments still, as I recently wrote a friend, when this Letter work rises up before me like a dear possession, warm and friendly, but a warning bell strikes deeper within. Back of all the mistakes and humbugs of personality, however, there is that between us which requires no explanation and which shall continue to go on without end.

FORTY-FIRST LETTER

*We travel long under the laws of Moses, before
we are fine enough to live the Christ. . . .
There is a Supreme Adventure.*

THE average man holds himself as he can between two pressures, between the natural, which appears to be a down-pull often, and the ethical guidance and precepts of society. The child has its parents and teachers who tell him what is best, often against the pressure of the natural boy in him. Going against these he suffers, just as the adult who has not put away boyish things, suffers when he commits an offense against man-made law. A humanity comes up through primitive, peasant, barbarian, semi-civilized and civilized classes, until it is a race of sages, seers and saints. At every stage it has different masters, as does the babe, the baby boy, the youth and the man; different masters, different ideals working out.

Struggling up from one grade into another, we vehemently fight off that which clings to us from below. Having escaped, we are more at ease about what we have been, and smile tolerantly at others still caught. Under harmonic conditions, primitive tribes are said to be beautiful in themselves, and beautifully taught by the elders, not exploited and abused as they are here; all children given the wisest care and nurture that can be brought to use through the combined wisdom and love and power of the race, instead of being brought up at hazard and random in millions of variously twisted and tortured homes. But still the Recreative Forces

are working through us, even here, leavening, cleansing, warming the great chilled mass.

The progress of the race and the child is the same through one grade of listening and emulation after another—all toward accomplishing its own perfection of knowing and doing. The child listens to its parents and teachers because it cannot hear its own Voice. Up and up the younger races follow different leaders, and in this place, mainly false leaders, until in the midst of the crowd its real judges and teachers and kings appear. . . . Look about you now in the rally of leaders of the old political parties in this country. These men who are called by the parties are not lustrous emergings of the true flower of humanity; they are little gray self men of the crowds. Only the Plan itself could bring up a real leader through the political processes of this country today. The products of such processes whom we have known and met and suffered under since Lincoln, are not our real masters. They are men of our own ilk in the tattered masks of mastery—a little more dominant than we are, perhaps, a little more ignorant, a little more sure of themselves, a little more tyrannous. We have been plunged into conscription and war and the Great Poverty, which means the loss of our ideals as a nation and the purposes of our Mystical Foundation, by these untimely little leader-men. But still the Recreative Forces are working through us, even here, leavening, cleansing, warming the great chilled mass.

It is a holy thing to be a leader of the people. It means to be called from the silence, from the wilder-

ness. It means to hear the voice that Moses heard, that Mary heard, that Daniel and Jeanne d'Arc heard. It means as we used to say, to be called of God; to have reversed the natural processes of living, and Become the spiritual. It means a love for the people which is not possessive, not sentimental, not exploitative; but which sees the next great step which the people must take on the Road to Spiritual Liberation, and which guides the people unerringly, unwaveringly through that step. It means utterly to have forgotten ambition, and to realize so clearly the Joy of the Mystic Road, the deep-breathing of Open Country, as merely to smile at the utmost best which the world can give. It means so to have mastered one's body, its appetites, the ego's love for power, and its desire to astonish others—that there can come no temptation nor any mind-vibration to offset the Spiritual Purpose, even from one's own disciples and lieutenants—those who love us enough to speak to us with something like our own Genius. It means to have made the physical body fine enough to respond to spiritual vibration. It means that the body has been brought up out of the cold running waters of generation; that one has begun to know what Love means under the Law; to want nothing but to give; to know what is best to give and to know what to give next—with that stern compassion which sees all and lives only for the good of others.

We fear Him, before we love the Lord. There is long training in austerity before we are strong and delicate enough to become tender. We travel long under the laws of Moses before we are fine enough to live the

Christ. We have innumerable teachers in the natural before the spiritual teachers appear. We must have finished with the love of the body as the world knows it, before we can hope to know the Love of Souls. We must sit at the feet of Gamaliel, amass the laws and literatures of the world, and *find them wanting*, before the mind is ready to be rent with Enlightenment and hear from its real Master, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me!"

Exactly as in the midst of a rising order of humanity, the true kings and teachers and judges appear out of itself, so to the human heart the vaster dimension of life opens and the mind hears at last the voice of the Real Self. Realize that in this natural body must be awakened the organs of receptivity before any master can appear, except in the case of a master using an organic body. The purpose, therefore, is the same for one who expects to find his master in the person of another, as for the mystic who seeks to coördinate the objective consciousness with the Basic Nature. In either case the outer must become fine enough and powerful enough to Hear and Understand and Obey. (The organs to be awakened, however, are not those which have to do with ouiji and apparition.)

For months, possibly longer, the disciple dwells with the mystery of awakening, after he actually begins to realize what is going on. He finds that he cannot do the things he formerly did. The speech of others does not hurt him; nor the obscenity and malignancy of others, except to arouse compassion, but the slightest slip of his own tongue cuts him literally to the heart.

He finds unpleasant the personal feelings which once he considered to be the pride of his own humanity; he encounters a depression of spiritual vitality even after those angers which once he called righteous. If he resumes his old habits of life even for a day's relaxation, he finds himself living in his body again, and having breathed the Open, this old life is narrow and intolerable as a chicken-yard, so that he cries out that he never wants to relax again and that he will try harder and harder if only the vibration of the Spirit will quicken him once more.

This vibration is his Enlightenment. For a long time after putting away the natural things, he did not begin to sense the spiritual and dwelt in the dark night between, but now he begins to be conscious, very faintly at first, of the new order of his Being. Becoming conscious of this, his mind can render itself more steadily, more utterly—as if answering to a tangible magnetism. This vibration comes to him with a sense of beneficence. He finds that all he used to know of opening through stimulation is a hot smoky torment compared. Less and less does it become possible for him to take into his mouth that which warms or placates the old body of desire, for he loses the Calm; finds himself back in his nerves again, back in his thoughts again. The world of nerves is a nasty little world with a carnal feel and a carnal smell about it; and the play of thoughts merely, after one has entered even the outer court of Enlightenment within which the Knower dwells, is narrow and clownish and vindictive; to be caught in the thinker's narrow orbit is hell.

This vibration of the Spirit which his mortal body is now learning to live with, is his courage to face the days here; it is the only adequate knowledge upon which to base an affirmation that all is well; it is the sense of immortality; it is the light by which he sees the spiritual beauty of other beings and even of the little creatures. This beauty is invincible, in the sense that it is impossible not to love it wherever it appears. Thus the love of the world becomes not only easy, but unavoidable, and any other love of the world is but a preparation. You can get a faint hint of what Love is in the heavenly sense, when you consider the possibility of all the Beings of the universe, each revealing a different and inimitable loveliness, running the full gamut of your own Basic Being—each touching awake a different splendor.

All love we know is preparation for that Love; all courage that we work with is preparation for becoming one with Him in Whom there is no fear. As a people in generation we accepted the laws of Moses on faith, if we accepted them at all; just as the world now accepts, or not, the accumulation of ethical teachings which constitute the limited science of ideal humanity today. To follow the laws of Moses is to live the life of preparation, the life of becoming. But to live the teachings of Christ is an entering-in. It is Being at once. . . . Union of the mortal mind with Him in Whom there is love and no fear, from where we stand now, is the Supreme Adventure.

FORTY-SECOND LETTER

*Step by step as we advance toward the Light,
we must shine out to meet it—or be destroyed.*

IF you recall the work we have done together, you will see almost a strain, on the part of certain Letters, to express the need of becoming plain and true. I find this is essential in the attainment of Discrimination. The big books of the Road unite in teaching the value of Discrimination. . . . In a crisis, once or twice in a lifetime, most of us have received an admonition or an inspiration straight from the Self. We may not have realized the magnitude of the moment at the time, but a certain quality of it stays with us, awakening wonder and awe. Such a moment does not take a diminishing place in perspective among the events of life that have been momentarily important. It stays clear; is not outgrown. The inner folds of the meaning dawn and loom like the wisdom of the Parables. In a word, if the Self succeeds at all in getting a message through to the objective consciousness, that communication is veritable. It is lifted above the wear and tear that goes on even among the *facts* of the time world.

Now the mystic is not satisfied with a communication of this sort once or twice in a lifetime. He may say it is from God, or he may say it is from the Self, but he has found it good. There is burning ever higher within him—and in this the mystic is different from other men—a passion that consumes all other passions—to make his objective consciousness delicate enough and powerful enough constantly to Hear and Obey. He

dreams fervently of the time when his lips shall speak that Knowledge in all its purity and power. Meanwhile, he realizes that his natural body, the organic self, and the mind that dominates it, are the causes of his being cut off from that blessedness of Authority. So the great struggle is joined, the struggle so graphically pictured in the colloquy of the Lord Krishna and Arjuna in the Bhagavad Gita. On the one side is the man he has been, the hotly human self held in the restless, wilful and often malignant play of the mind. On the other hand, is the Self arousing to hope again after the ages. Of this Self, of its magic and far glory, there are not words to tell. It belongs to one dimension, and all materials, including words, belong to another. It is not God, and yet it is lovelier than any of us can dream God to be from where we are now. Most of the attributes of the Self are ineffable, but with some measure of authority, though very falteringly, we have spoken of three—the Knower, the Doer, and the Lover.

Between the self and the Self—between the natural and the spiritual—is the field of battle. This field is difficult to designate. I often think of it as the area of reclaimed consciousness.

Now if you will notice that whenever you have received an admonition or an inspiration from the Self, it has been in a moment of great stress when all the world has failed you, or when the lesser self has been numbed by grief or driven to abnegation by fear. The mystic, a specialist in working out ways to make himself ready for association with the Self—has seized upon this fact. He has realized that the mind acts continu-

ally like a ruffle on the surface of the water, shutting off the treasures of the deep; therefore, he seeks to still the mind in meditation. He has been hideously distracted by the din of wants of the natural body, so he seeks to overcome these through austerity.

He stands in the field of battle between the Higher and the lower self, and there grows upon him, increasingly, with each day, the need to Discriminate. In the area of consciousness wherein he dwells there come from one side the rarest subtleties of the mind, and from the other the faintest and most delicate admonitions from the Self. Between these he must learn to choose. The offerings of the mind are braced and buttressed by all the feelings of the organic body; more than this, they are tinted and enhanced by all the passing beauty of the sensuous world—all that he once knew as lovely and of good report finding its way to the center of consciousness with wistfulness and strange charm. Against all this is the still small voice offering no human hope, so delicate and strange in the din of desire and the great cloudland of sensuous beauty, that even the pure child Samuel was not sure of what he heard, but had to be called by the Lord again and yet again.

A man may say *I am*, where the torch of his consciousness is. For the mystic who is no longer lost in the mind, nor blindly swayed by his organic feelings, and still not yet in finished coördination with the Self, the torch of consciousness burns in an area of reclaimed consciousness, as we have said; and in this field, the working power of Discrimination appears to be quartered. The development of this power goes on in a

myriad ways. In the work of writing, a thousand times an hour, more or less automatically at the last, the function is operative in deciding which word to use, which of several sentences to use, which concept; and above all that (the real test of an artistic product) in the coördination of concepts, and the cohering line of verity through them. Growing life is made each hour of a multitude of decisions. The capacity for judgment, which is the crown of Discrimination, is so important that it is said to be better to decide wrongly than not to decide. We learn from failure, and thus indirectly gain Enlightenment, though this is a pitiful process, at best a makeshift of the Plan to work in the midst of conditions of inharmony.

But all development of Discrimination is toward the end of hearing the Voice of the Silence; in other words, in becoming sensitive enough to receive the early vibrations from the Knower and Doer and Lover, and to distinguish between them and the subtleties of mind and feeling. One seldom speaks of certain experiences in this passage of the journey, though once I heard a quester say, "If a policeman followed my actions through twenty-four hours, he would lock me up as one dangerously unbalanced." When the mind, which has managed the human cosmos for so long, finds the torch of consciousness lifted away from itself, immediately it sets about copying the Real; that is, it sends to the new headquarters thought-vibrations designed to represent the Knower, the new Lord. It draws upon all its resources of art and sensuous beauty to make the likeness. Now from the standpoint of the Enlightened,

the vibration of the thinker is as different from the vibration of the Knower, as a hailstorm differs from the dawn-mist above a lotus-lake; yet we, in our present plight, are continually baffled. Many times we are in the position of the householder who entertains everyone who comes to his door lest he send away an angel unaware. But patience, obedience, a constant correction of mistakes, a sincere conning of the nature of each mistake, a more and more prayerful rendering of the mind to the Self, a turning of the different arteries of affection into the one great stream of devoted allegiance to the Self—all these, deeply and softly, make us ready to be helped that we may thrust aside the unreal and grasp the Real.

In this particular period, there comes a memorable day when one realizes for the first time what a disrupted thing the mind-power is, or what is left of it. In the mind realm, this cannot be seen. The mind always salves itself; and the world, caught in the fallacy of believing a thing so because it thinks it so, can never see the absurdity of its own antics. One has to be in an upper window, not in the parade, to view it; and one must be at least on a mezzanine floor above the main level of the mind, to look down upon the performances there. These performances are not merely childish and simple; they are malignant and obscene; moreover, they are keyed to all the lesions of our body, all the taints of heredity and the collective karma of the Gulf of Hell. When one can thus look down upon the mind, a prisoner no longer, seeing the mind at last for what it really is—

his faith clears, his purpose keens and a fresh scent breathes over the hills of his quest.

Remember that we cannot make over ourselves. The work of cleansing and repairing and straightening-out our mind and feelings toward the end of Union with the Self, is done by the Grace of the Recreative Forces, one of which the Lord Christ called the Holy Spirit. By rendering ourselves to the Self, however, we make possible our own regeneration, and often it is in the measure that we forget ourselves in the work for others, that the Recreative Force fans higher the Flame in the Heart. This Flame is our Wisdom, Love and Power. There are days when we can actually feel Its beneficence, as if all the shafts of our consciousness were new and shining tipped. At such times we cannot imagine ever being less than this—but all unforeseen the tests come to try our new strength. We are suddenly uncentered by a gust of passion from an unexpected source, and if we cannot withstand it, all the fresh force we have gained is just so much more energy driving our wrath or our desire. Measure by measure we must strengthen, order and heighten the vibration of the outer vehicles that the Self may find it possible to use them. The Overcomer alone may safely be trusted with spiritual power. Step by step as we advance toward the Light, we must shine out to meet It—or be destroyed. All along the Road we hear the wailing from the outer darkness of those whose lamps were not found brightly and fragrantly burning when the Bridegroom came.

FORTY-THIRD LETTER

*Our highest human conception of the Universe
is but a bit of grime on the lens of space.*

I SAT for many afternoons with one who is wise, and always in the first shadows, before twilight, this one would arise and turn on artificial light, saying: "I hate the dark. There is so much darkness here at best." I have only begun to know the meaning in those words; yet I know that even in these vivid California noons we are in a place of darkness.

I am telling an old story for a new meaning: Visitors were passing through the corridors of an asylum for the insane, and one looking up at the wall, inquired of one of the harmless inmates, "Is that clock right?" . . . The answer was: "It wouldn't be here, if it was right," and it applies to all of us on the planet as well as to those in that house of maimed minds. One may call this pessimism, saying that the evil we see is but the disarray of transition; that evolution works this way. It is true that we are evolving. It is true that the bottom-lands of Egypt are not ahead, but behind; that we have touched bottom and have begun to come up. As we come up, we come into the Light. At just about this point where we are now, doubtless, we began to lose the Light on the way down. We began to lose the Light and then we Forgot the Light! Those words are like a great cry to some Souls, containing the Immortal Tragedy.

It is true that we are evolving, but has not a suspicion ever dawned upon you that this is not an ideal

sort of evolution? Have you so little Light still? What are we evolving out of—certainly not out of a pure simplicity. Look up at the sky at night and ask yourself if the Genius which swung all that, is so hard-pressed in the making of men that It must evolve them up through famine and filth and fear. We don't even see the planets, except six or seven of our own Playground. The great winter stars, one by one, are centers of systems appallingly vast. Our highest human conception of the Universe is but a bit of grime upon the lens of space; and yet in this Place which we call home, we do not come up even from clean soil. We come up eaters and haters of each other. We come up in faces and forms that frighten Nature, causing all little creatures to dig and run and fly from men. Even the lesser creatures are fearfully toiled in malignity. Life in the field and forest is a chain of destruction. Watch the insect devoured by a spider, the spider by a bird, the bird by a serpent, the serpent by a larger bird, which in turn becomes prey of a cat—so on and up. In calm philosophical mood we have contemplated Nature's cruelty—studying how she forced us to overcome inertia under the drive of fear and hunger—putting on strength of limb and pinion in the chase of lesser objects of prey and in flight from the greater.

Look up at the stars at night. They hint a Great Play—as if swung just so for the Game of one Universal Day. Now we hear the moan of the stricken from the city; the crackle of bones in the jungle. Such sounds refuse to fall in as Fair Play of the Great Game. Has not something happened? Can't you remember? Can't

you remember at all? . . . Is this manner of conducting public life in Europe and America part of the Game—wars, hatreds, greeds, the solemn mockery of the courts and cults? Why this decadence which has fallen on the Mediterranean countries? Why do the bodies of nations live on after their souls have fled? What are England and France and America that they dare to hate the Turk? It is true that the Turk has raped women and torn men limb from limb, but so have we. It is true that the ape and the tiger and the jackal looks out from the eyes of the Turk, but they also look out from the eyes of our own children. Glance over the pictures of the great men of Europe and America—do they look like Players of the Great Game? Look up at the stars at night and then look into your own thoughts of this day, your own feelings. What secret sins have you been innocent of? Have you never sat in a street car riding sideways and looked into the faces on the long seat opposite and read page after page of the horrors of your own history?

The Lord Buddha was kept in a walled garden, but sickness, old age and death found him even there. Seeing these, he knew he was out of the Game somehow. He did not know where he was, but he knew this was not Fair Play. He was amazed to find that those about him did not see what he saw. They talked of *nature* and *beauty* and *life* and *hope*—in the midst of filth and ferocity and fear. He saw that they had forgotten the Light. He was different and tortured, because he vaguely remembered. He might have heard some men calling themselves *Caesar* and some *Roosevelt* and some

Napoleon and many calling themselves God, but he alone had Light enough to know that he wouldn't be in this place if he were right. At first he thought that all that mattered was to get back to the Light; then he saw that the thing he must do was to bring Light here, because all the others belonged to him, and he to them.

There are men in the prisons today, who have been in so long that they have forgotten any other life. Such men do not struggle to get out. It is easy to make the best of life as it is, if one has no other standard to measure life by, but now and then there comes the cry of a Poet who remembers—someone's voice, as one stirring in a sleep like death, not remembering the Father's House, but perhaps only a mangled strain of some evening song of the Servants. We rattle our pots and pans, but his haunting voice comes closer and closer.

. . . For a long time we only saw dimly the faces opposite in the long seat, riding sideways. Vaguely they belonged to the same city. Then we saw them critically, as less than ourselves. Then we touched the Light and we began to fancy the ape and the tiger and the fox looking out at us. With more Light we understood grimly that we could see the ape and the tiger and the fox with familiarity, because we were incorporate of those passions. Then came the day of still more Light and our great discovery, for behind the ape and the tiger and the fox we suddenly saw the Comrade, the Lover, the Player, the Workman Unashamed. No pessimism after that, but remember that the verity of

our hope only came after the full realization of the horror of our plight.

I realize that one does not care to treat with these things unless he belongs to the few, who like the prisoners at old Libby, are trying to tunnel their way out. These Letters just now are especially narrowed to the interests of those in the racking grind and tension that goes with the attempt to escape. No others can be more than curious. We dare not for the present be concerned about our selfishness and one-pointedness, because we realize that we can't be any good to the world at large while we are locked up. All the way up the years, possibly up the ages, we have said that such and such Saint or Seer was availing himself of poetic license when he pointed out the necessity for us to do certain hard things to win our freedom. We thought him queer. Perhaps we told him so and he acknowledged that he was queer. But that's all shoved behind. We agree now that he meant what he said.

We hear rumors that we are supposed to be queer. Grimly we wonder if it isn't true. Certainly we don't look good, nor move or speak with old smash and verve. We hear roomfuls of conversations which once we called brilliant, now sounding stale and profitless—none so ragged nor pathetic as our own part in it. We have uprooted all our valiant opinions, wherewith we were wont to shine and hold our own, but nothing astounding in the way of Genius has come to take their place. We have lost the down of the chick and our feathering isn't finished as birds. We have repudiated mind and feelings, and yet we aren't strong enough to

be trusted with Wisdom, Love of Power. We're not back in the filth and famine of Libby, but neither are we loose in Virginia. We're in the walls somewhere, or underground working our way through with case-knife and finger-nail. To die is to win. We have forgotten Heaven, but this isn't hell. To be caught and taken back—that would be hell.

FORTY-FOURTH LETTER

Faith bridges the planes. . . . Consciously to cultivate one's own Genius, then, is to enter upon the Mystic Road.

“**T**HE true and definitely directed mystical life does and must open with that most actual and stupendous, though indescribable phenomenon, the coming forth into consciousness of man's deeper, spiritual Self, which ascetical and mystical writers of all ages have agreed to call Regeneration or Rebirth.” (From Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism*.)

. . . The object then is to become the Self in the objective consciousness. Before such an object can become alluring there must be organized in the individual a dissatisfaction with the ways of mind and feelings, which make up the world life of the objective self. The little (i) has a dot over it. It is divided. It has not come into its real stature. Still it must realize its limitation and give itself over to be changed, or go on indefinitely as a divided thing. Merging finally with that which has overshadowed, it becomes (I).

Faith is built like all powers here, by exercise. One must be driven by pain from within, even to realize the possibility of the use of Faith. To one who has learned most of the lessons of the organic plane, who has been a planetary man a long time, there comes a yearning in the heart, urging on and on to one experience after another, until the man realizes that what he is dying for isn't here! This yearning is the pain of growth—the same pain that is in all buds and births, when the

enfolding sheathes are forced back. The pale stem of the young seedling might just as well falter and try to dig its way back toward the root-crown, as for the individual who is being prepared for new birth to try to find joys in the little back and forth play of the material world. Yet all precedent, all world training, all that moves on the face of the earth is designed to attract and hold the young quester to its own plane. He stands and walks alone, suffering from within the inexorable expansion of a mysterious love-craving bud. From without, he is forever harried by the hounds of heaven.

The body must be strong to stand in the crux of these forces; the heart must be strong to give up the clinging human hold upon its beloveds. The mind must be forced with logic again and again to recall that this clinging human hold inevitably betrays; that love reaching a certain power, even in the human heart, faces its old enemy, Death; that the love which once could drowse and fume and dream, with room to spare in threescore-and-ten, calling heaven to witness that it could never die, is hardly powerful enough now to pass the ordeals of passion and the tests of the mind will. The old love will not do today. The answer comes from within: Love must conquer Death to Live. You must give up your old idea of life to know what Life means; your old idea of love to know what Love means. . . .

The mother bird flies around the nest calling to the fledgeling to try its wings. The little one's wings are not lovely; they are enough to break the fall, but they have never been used. If the young one has not faith

to try, sooner or later the mother-bird will shove it off the rim of the nest. The mystic does not wait for the Plan. He is urged from within. The expansion from within would burst him at last, if he did not obey.

Faith is required for one to stand unmurmuring while the outer sheathes are torn away for the inner life to breathe. Faith bridges the planes. From the reclaimed area of consciousness must come the word, a thousand times, that there is no death, that Love goes on and on, before the humbler and darkened faculties can even venture to give up what they know about love and life. Ten thousand times before that, the mind has screamed at death for taking the boy or the girl. The inner scroll of our beings is pebbled with a myriad tragedies, like the wrinkles of a parchment. This is not the Plan; no Father would inflict such a passage upon us. We left the Plan and started off to spend our own patrimony. We lived high on the out-journey for a way . . . then we Forgot. . . . Now we are beating our way back. We are grimed in tragedies, but we brought them on ourselves. With Faith we can weather through to the Light.

Upon the old, upon our old selves we rise, until we are crowned with knowledge or prophecy, which is the intuitive use of vast experience. The Self stretches its wings upon the summits of experience. "The Prophet is the man of many lives." . . . "It is for this that the body exercises its tremendous attraction—that mortal love torments and tears asunder the successive generations of mankind—that underneath and after all

the true men and women may appear, by long experience emancipated."

The object is to become the Self in the objective consciousness; no longer to be divided—inner and outer. Since consciousness is almost entirely in the outer, it must be rendered back to the Inner before equilibrium can be gained. The Self, even in its present plight, far from its native harmony of the Father's House, is utterly sentient compared with the mind. It has been said that one-tenth of one vibration of Essential Consciousness is more powerful than the highest surge of mind power. It has been said, too, that if one should endeavor to describe the Self with three-space words, one would think one were trying to describe God long before he had well begun. Consciously to cultivate one's own genius, then, which is to enter upon the Mystic Road, is to make the mind capable of receiving and acting upon the admonitions of the Self. The mind must learn to sit at the feet of its own-forever Master, the Soul. All men are our teachers; all masters among men but urge us with all the powers of their own genius, to find Ourselves.

The Self answers to sincere effort on the part of our objective consciousness. The Self is not mocked. From old it has been double-crossed and persecuted by the mind; therefore, It will not trust Itself, when there is a mixed or double motive on the part of the mind. That is why you must want Union with It more than anything else, before your integration can go on apace.

You are sometimes called upon to act in a way for which you cannot see the reason. If you fall back

into the ways of the mind, which are adjusted to society and world precedent, you have failed in Faith. You have missed the chance to span an abyss between the mind which is keyed to the world, and the Spirit which is forever keyed to harmonic conditions, the loveliness of which we cannot dream in the objective consciousness. You have delayed your progress; perhaps you may learn later how much, when you have traced that particular course a second time.

I have tortured up ways and symbols to tell these things through all Letters, but at best one can only intimate. These things are of the Spirit; they are of the Fourth Dimension; at least not to be told with words which are of three. In the highest moments of his orison, the words of the saint fall away. Even in human grief, words fail. How then can one hope to describe a supernal vision or action or ecstasy? It may seem to some I am telling these things again and again, but to those who are in the Straits, which is the way of purification, before the tentative illuminations of the objective consciousness, even these glimpses of the Road are vital matter. If you saw in the light of its real dimension a single one of the Lord Christ's sayings, you would be content for days to repeat it softly over and over again. If you could catch a tithe of what the Mystics have meant when they said: Know Thyself . . . Resist not Evil . . . Love One Another . . . Wait, I say, upon the Lord . . . Walk by Faith and not by sight . . . Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven . . . your face would flame with contrition that you had ever fancied the repetition

of such sayings as a wearing drum or din upon the mind. Indeed, if one could see any of his purely worldly motives or actions in the ineffable dawn of Enlightenment, his tendency would be to fall into grief, hindering all progress, were it not for the lustrous Compassion of the Self, bidding him not to look back, but to hurry on.

FORTY-FIFTH LETTER

We labor long in coördination to find the Self, and perceive that step by step we are realizing the Christ. The Self is your master, as long as you are apart from the Self; after that the Self is You; but the Lord Christ is the Great Comrade of the Self.

WE have dwelt long on the importance of the mind rendering itself back in allegiance to the Self. The more one-pointedly we have striven in this rendering, the more tangible will be the answer in the new step of devotion which the work is now to take. . . . Realize again, that as we pour out in service to others, the Holy Spirit floods in to work with us. The Holy Spirit is a Working Force in our midst—utterly sentient, utterly vigilant, utterly compassionate. It works for us best, as we forget ourselves in working for others. The child in the infant class can prove this by obeying the still small voice; the man at his desk in town can prove it, by deciding against himself ever so slightly in a question of profit, or for a point of honor or generosity. There is a lightness in his heart that makes him glad, or a corresponding depression if he fails to answer to the impulse to be a little more decent than usual.

This rise and fall, I am taught, is due to the work of the Holy Spirit in the human breast. Realize that the Holy Spirit is everywhere present like air. There is no evil a man can commit that It does not understand—source, process, mitigation. It knows the Enemy behind the man and the weakness of the man through

which the Enemy enters. It knows what the man was, what he has come up through, what he is destined to become. The equity of the Holy Spirit is entire. We need have no fear that any good that we may do shall be missed. The result of a good action is enhanced, if it is not told. All strength comes through self-conquest. While it is brave to act for the good of another against the desire of the self, it is braver still to keep the action hid.

The inner values of the practice of silence are extraordinary. Certain men, powerful in material success, would no more fritter away their plans and powers in talk, than they would be dissolute with their material gains. They understand the working, though they have not read the Law. All that you are able to keep within you is your working force. We learn to bear pain in silence; this helps us to build a body that transcends pain. The same is true of learning to endure joy—that our joy may be full! If we can keep not only our good deeds, but our good fortunes to ourselves, as many of us have already learned to do with our miseries, we shall gradually build a body strong enough to endure joy of a quality not known in the world of men. Such a body radiates joy in the world. Its presence is a constructive force; its teaching a vibration, its example invincible.

By our sincerity, by our doing the best we know in every detail, we make it possible for the Holy Spirit to work with us for our healing and Enlightenment. Realize that we are never at the true end of an austerity while we are still haunted with the desire to be free

from its rigor. Very rarely do we actually complete an ordeal; therefore we have to take it up again when we should be busy with more advanced work. Look sharp, when the mind tells you that you are free; that the result of a fast or restraint is now accomplished. The truth is, when the desired end is accomplished, you will have forgotten that there is restraint or austerity. You will be that much bigger, that much more alive, that much more sentient of reality, so that it will not be possible for you to move in the old relation of wants. Thus the horizon broadens and the splendor of the adventure intensifies as we climb.

Realize that where once we were judged by what we said, we are now judged by what we do. The Mystic Road is the road of the development of genius, but not of the eccentricity of genius. Some of us who are workmen in the expression of words, have talked a great deal—all of which must be balanced in performance. Genius, as the world knows it, is a shaft of the spiritual nature driving out somehow through the chaos of a body and mind to express in materials. It is a shaft through the night; it is not full day upon the plain. The man who has thrust forth shafts like this in expression, reaches a certain point of the Road wherein he finds himself delayed, even painfully delayed, until his driving, one-pointed light is broken and diffused over his entire consciousness. The dawn of Enlightenment is not streaky; it is serene, sustained. "Art is long," the artist has often cried, and it is painful for him to silence and diminish that particular facility of his which was so hard to gain—while his other long-neglected faculties

catch up in performance. Thus only, however, does the artist become the mystic, whose aim is to become a man, Four-Square.

I am not telling you what the Holy Spirit is. Yet this much has come to me: that as an isolated detached creature, imprisoned in the consciousness of the worldly self, one obstructs the works of the Holy Spirit within him; and that as the Self, he begins to work consciously in Its Law. The Holy Spirit is not the Lord Christ. I venture to say that It is apprehended by the Self, as air and sunlight are apprehended by the organic self. The Holy Spirit is a Working Force, utterly beneficent. The Lord Christ is a Spiritual Being, Whose ineffable destiny is connected with our own as the destiny of the captain of an ocean liner is connected with that of his passenger-list. As we come up into the consciousness of the Self, we begin to realize His responsibility over us for the rest of the planetary voyage; we begin to realize His position above us and the diffusion of the superb light of His compassion through every human heart.

The Holy Spirit which works the works of Recreation in the midst of us, is less impeded as we turn out in service to others; It works best when we learn to serve others without a taint of the sense of self. We do a lot of thinking and talking first; but gradually we find that to keep a good deed hid, is power to do another; to keep our thoughts hid, is really to teach; at least, to prepare for the Knower to teach, instead of the thinker. The Knower can only work through us when we are worthy. His working within is joy;

which is another way to say that the loss of the sense of self is joy.

The Book you are to write, the Labor to accomplish, the Child to bring forth—any of these can only come to be when the Self finds you ready to express through. Therefore, your Task waits until you find the Self. . . . All that you have done to find the Self is good. Work done will help you now. The strength of your present meditation, or prayer, is the strength accumulated in other prayers.

For those who have worked with sincerity alone in the effort to coördinate with the Self, there is help now. . . . We have long been prepared for the moment in which we might cast our burdens down. There is a dimension of this self-surrender, even in the sensuous consciousness which many have found through religion; but that which is meant here is a very different thing. I am speaking of those who through self-conquest have made their houses ready for the Guest to enter. If you are cleansed enough and quiet enough, He will come. You may call Him the Self, or the Warrior, if you like, but you may also call Him the Lord Christ.

For He is Risen.

Do not let your mind work with this. "I do not say these things to excite thought in you; rather to destroy it." Do not put old interpretations upon it. If you have reverence, which is the perception of spiritual values—venerate this new vibration. . . . All you have done to find the Self has prepared the Place only. The Self is your Master so long as you are apart from

the Self, after that the Self is You; but the Lord Christ is the Great Comrade of the Self! He can only help you as the helpless are helped, until you are awake to the Self. You can only be conscious of Him working with you, as you have become conscious of the Self. If you say this has been said a thousand times before, you are not touching the Mystery.

. . . Now you have no will of your own, no opinions, no anxieties, not even about serving others, because joyously to serve others is the very nature of your Spiritual Being and you are becoming That. You have no future, for you dwell in the Now. You have entered the Gate where all hope is abandoned, because hope is a condition of non-arrival, of non-being. Ponder this well—you who have brought such tender human care to these pages.

You have come into your Eternal City. You have become Self-conscious. You have become a citizen of that Rome whereof Christ is a Roman, but this is a selfless citizenship. Your petty affairs, as a wandering isolated creature have vanished in the night. The affairs of State are your affairs. The sorrows of the human self are ended; the sorrows of the world are your sorrows. You are apprenticed to the Man of Sorrows, and yet this also is an entering into the joy of the Lord! You are a Roman at last, and yet you go forth to all the world. You have found Him after long searching, and yet you go again down among men. You have found Him only to leave him, but here is the drama of the age: In all your travels now out of Rome, you carry Light with you. By that Light, you

shall find everywhere you go, that He has been there before you. In all human hearts around the world, you shall find messages from Him—even messages from the Beloved in the eyes of all creatures. . . .

It cannot be told out and out in words, but repetitions and intimations will gradually prepare the mind for the Mystery, which can only come to each from within. . . . We read a myriad books to open at last the Book of the Heart which is Humanity. We labor long in coördination to find the Self, and perceive that step by step we are realizing the significance of the Christ. Thus realizing, we set out with grand passion to scale the Heights and accomplish Union with the Lord alone, but we are sent back to the crowded pastures of the lowlands, for the Shepherd is tending His flocks. . . . There is something to dwell long upon in this intimation that the Christ is to be found in Humanity.

7671



T5-AGS-441

